Sports Illustrated

MAY 4, 1964 | 30 CENTS

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MAY 2




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WHITE HORSE
Blended Scotch Whisky
Estab 1742
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8 reasons why this particular Scotch is dry.

(The taste no two people describe alike and yet everyhody agrees is great)

1) We're talking about White Horse Scotch and even experts are intrigued when asked to define its crackling dryness. To some, it's a subtle flavor—light on the palate, yet pleasing to the taste. To others, "DRY" smacks of authenticity, smoothness, quenchability, bouquet.

2) Dryness is built into White Horse from the very beginning. In the selection of grains. The way the barley grains are dried over peat fires, touched with just the slightest whisper of its magic.

3) As many as 30 different Scotch whiskies are used to make White Horse dry (after slow mellowing in sherry casks). And White Horse always draws on the same prize whiskies from its own stocks. Hence, you get uniform flavor. Identical quality.

4) Unlike Scotches which are shipped to this country in bulk, every drop of White Horse is bottled in Scotland. The difference is subtle and it concerns water—a highly important factor in determining quality and flavor.

5) The water used to help make White Horse comes only from soft, rippling streams that flow from the Highlands through ancient moors and glens. These same waters nourish the fields of Scottish grain which give White Horse its being and personality.

6) Dry White Horse is the offspring of 200 years of Scottish tradition and experience. Dates back to the original White Horse Cellar in Edinburgh, Scotland. To live up to uncompromising standards of dryness, every bottle of White Horse is numbered and registered right at the distillery.

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8) Not one quality but a happy combination makes White Horse dry. Tradition. Care. Pride. When you taste White Horse, sip it thoughtfully because you are drinking Scotland's finest. A truly great Scotch whisky. Delightfully dry. And delightfully Scotch.

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White Horse/the dry Scotch



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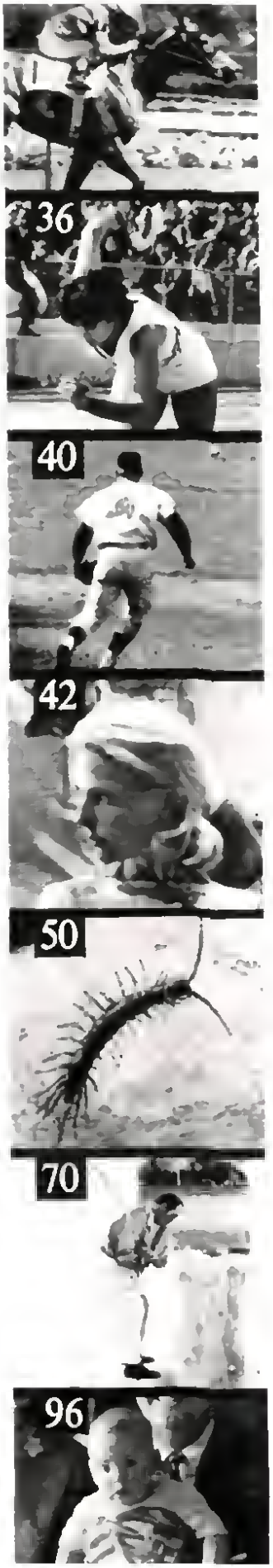
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Next week

A TIGER ENIGMA is Detroit's Al Kaline. Though he has averaged over .300 for 12 years, some say he has not yet reached his peak. Jack Olsen offers his and Kaline's answers.

THE MONACO GRAND PRIX is as renowned for its unusual setting as it is for racing speed and daring. In eight pages of paintings Artist Al Parker depicts some of its special glories.

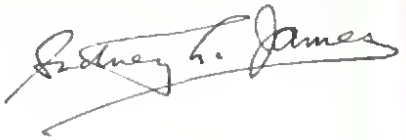
A GOLF SUPERCHAMP leads a bizarre and frantic life. At SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's request, Jack Nicklaus kept a three-month journal that reveals his unique existence. A new series.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



In America today, with multiple millions of us playing more games than it is easy to count, sport's transcendent stars—the ones with household names—are simply the ones who outshine the big and striving crowd that is the rest of us. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED spends much of its gaze and magazine space on the headliners. But we also enjoy scanning the crowd each week for new faces—for men, women and youngsters whose deeds are worthy of salute. SI's name for the product of this research is FACES IN THE CROWD.

Thus, in recent weeks, we have recorded in FACES that Paul Wilson, 16, a junior at Earl Warren High School in Downey, Calif. equaled the interscholastic pole vault record with a whizzer of 15 feet (SI, March 16). And that a young man named Rebel Ryan of Rutland, Vt., a skier since the age of 10,



turned the Eastern Junior Alpine championships at Sugarloaf Mountain in Kingfield, Me. into a one-man show by winning the downhill, the slalom and the giant slalom (SI, March 23). And that a young lady named Judy Wills, 16, of Gulfport, Miss. won the world trampoline championship in London (SI, April 6). Also, a while back, that a 42-year-old Connecticut artist named Ed Vebell had upset a 25-year-old to win the épée title at an international meet in Manhattan.

Fencer Vebell may win another one like that some day—and we hope he will because a lot of his art work appears in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Pole Vaulter Wilson has already been heard from again; one month after his picture appeared in FACES IN THE CROWD he vaulted 15 feet 7 inches to set the interscholastic ceiling higher than ever. Skier Ryan appears to be a comer; a few days after his picture appeared he won the national junior title. Miss Judy Wills plans to keep on trampolining, but in the case of an attractive girl tumbler who still has both feet on the ground some of the time, you never know. Even loving the sport as she does, any day she might up and quit in favor of a less spectacular career like marriage.



MARY ANN GOULD

One thing Ed Vebell, Paul Wilson, Rebel Ryan, Judy Wills and others like them have in common: a small, unpretentious silver bowl, engraved with the legend "Award of Merit" (*see opposite column*), which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED now presents to people reported in FACES. (This week's award winners appear on page 112.) You may hear more about these winners in the future, but we make no guarantee except that they are all worth knowing for what they are doing now.

The selection of the winners each week is made by one of the attractive faces in our own editorial crowd, Mary Ann Gould, who picks them from candidates proposed by SI correspondents, from wire-service reports, sometimes from letters from readers. Mary Ann grew up in the combined worlds of sport and journalism (the day she was born her father, Alan, was absent, covering the World Series for the Associated Press). She learned to swim at 1½, and at Wellesley she was a member of her house crew and her class crew, sometimes rowing stroke, sometimes riding as cox. Belatedly (*see above*) we publish her FACT.

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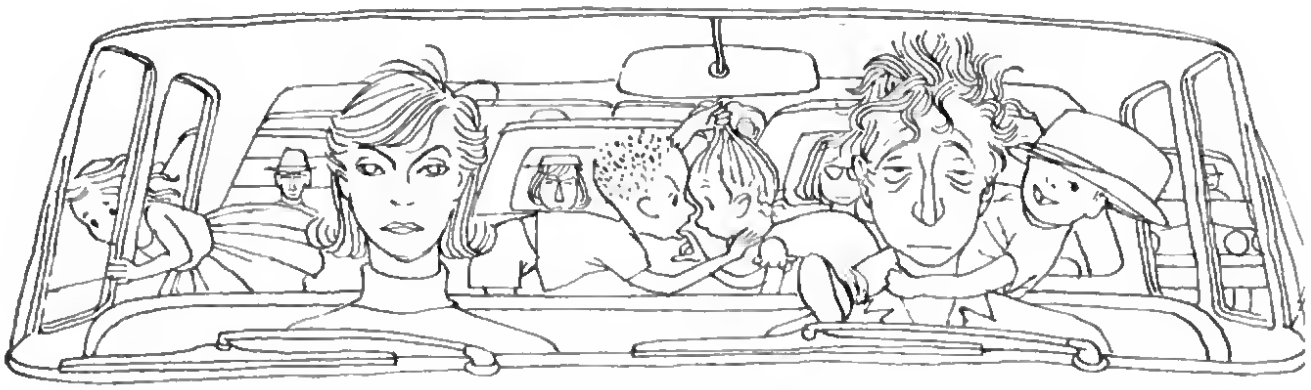
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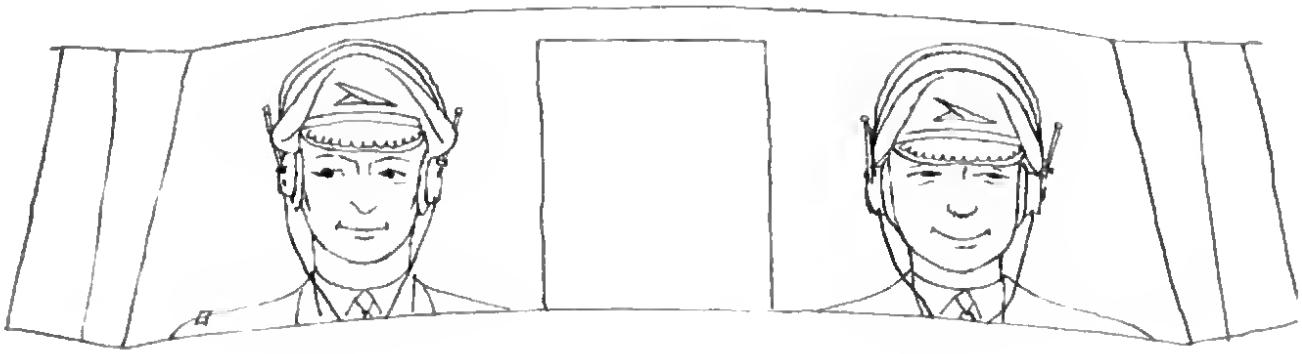
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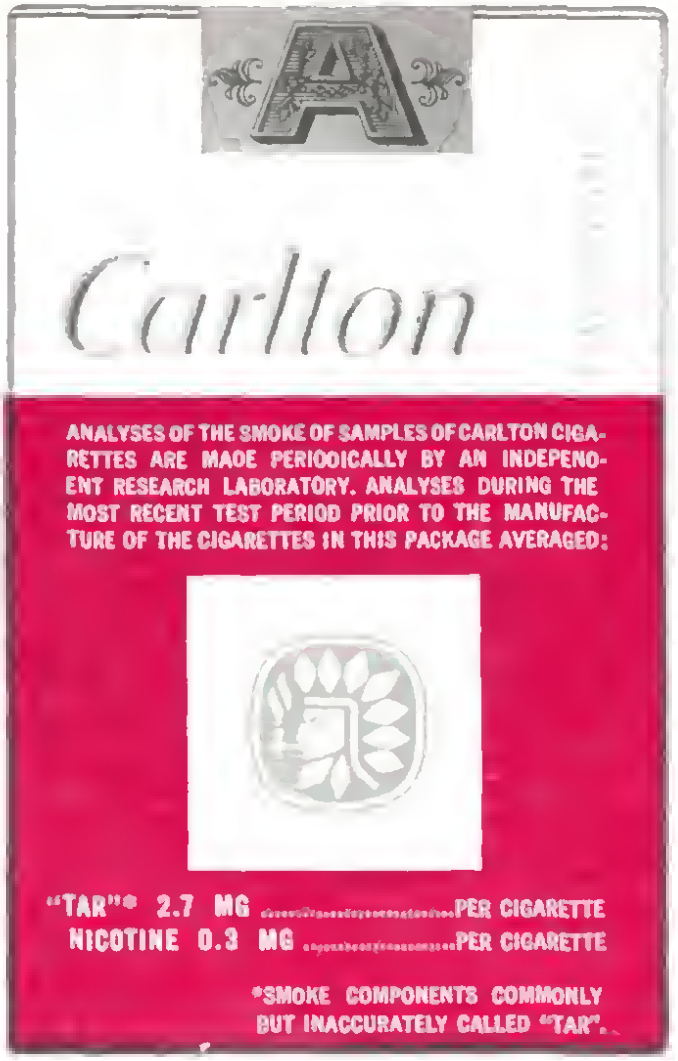


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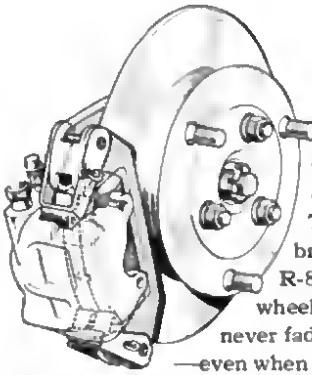
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(after you've read it)

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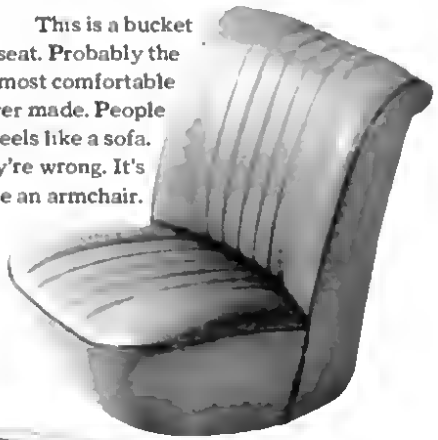


2. This is a disc brake. Renault R-8 has one per wheel. Disc brakes never fade or grab —even when wet. All they do is stop. That's important.



3. This is Marvin Twill. He sells gas. All the Marvin Twills get a little poorer from Renault. After all, you can't get rich pumping gas into a car that gets up to 35 miles a gallon.

4. This is a bucket seat. Probably the most comfortable one ever made. People say it feels like a sofa. They're wrong. It's more like an armchair.





5. This is Pikes Peak. Going up it or down it, in the R-8 you'd think you're on a turnpike. We call it easy handling. You'll call it fun.

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SHOPWALK

Knit blazers and western-style hats produce a new look for the sports-car buffs

At the Sebring, Fla. 12-hour endurance race this spring, knowledgeable spectators, as well as some of the drivers, wore wide-brimmed Stetsons and club blazers, usually with a Le Mans souvenir 24 silk-print tie or pocket handkerchief.

Now while the idea of a blazer is not exactly new, a blazer wardrobe is. Blazers, of course, abound in all sorts of colors and fabrics, but the newest ones make the most sense for the sports-car crowd. These are knit of a nonbagging worsted jersey, a fabric with plenty of innate flexibility. The knit blazer should provide a car buff with comfortable style for turning and twisting be-



MIKE PARKES WEARS NAVY-BLUE BLAZER

hind the wheel of a sports car. Stanley Blacker of Philadelphia makes the jersey blazers ($60) in 11 different solid colors.

As usual, the drivers themselves wore the most functional garb at Sebring—the high-collared racing coveralls that are doled out to the teams by Pirelli or Dunlop, the foreign tire companies. Mike Parkes, the driver (*above*) who shared time at the wheel of the winning Ferrari with Umberto Maglioli, managed to set the sartorial style as well as win the race. Parkes wore a double-breasted blazer as a warmup jacket over his Dunlops.

Everyone in the business is making some sort of L.B.J. model, but the best western hats at Sebring were the wide-brimmed (3-inch) Stetson panamas. Stetson has a full assortment of western hats in straws ($9 up) and felts ($14 up) to suit anyone's money belt, making them in diefffrent shapes for people with less than 10-gallon-sized egos. Their L.B.J. model ($14), the type favored by the President, has a 2¾-inch brim.

Those racing status symbols, the Le Mans silks, are not available in this country. The thing to do is to buy them at Le Mans in June. Hermes of Paris, the harness shop, probably will sell them at its booth there.

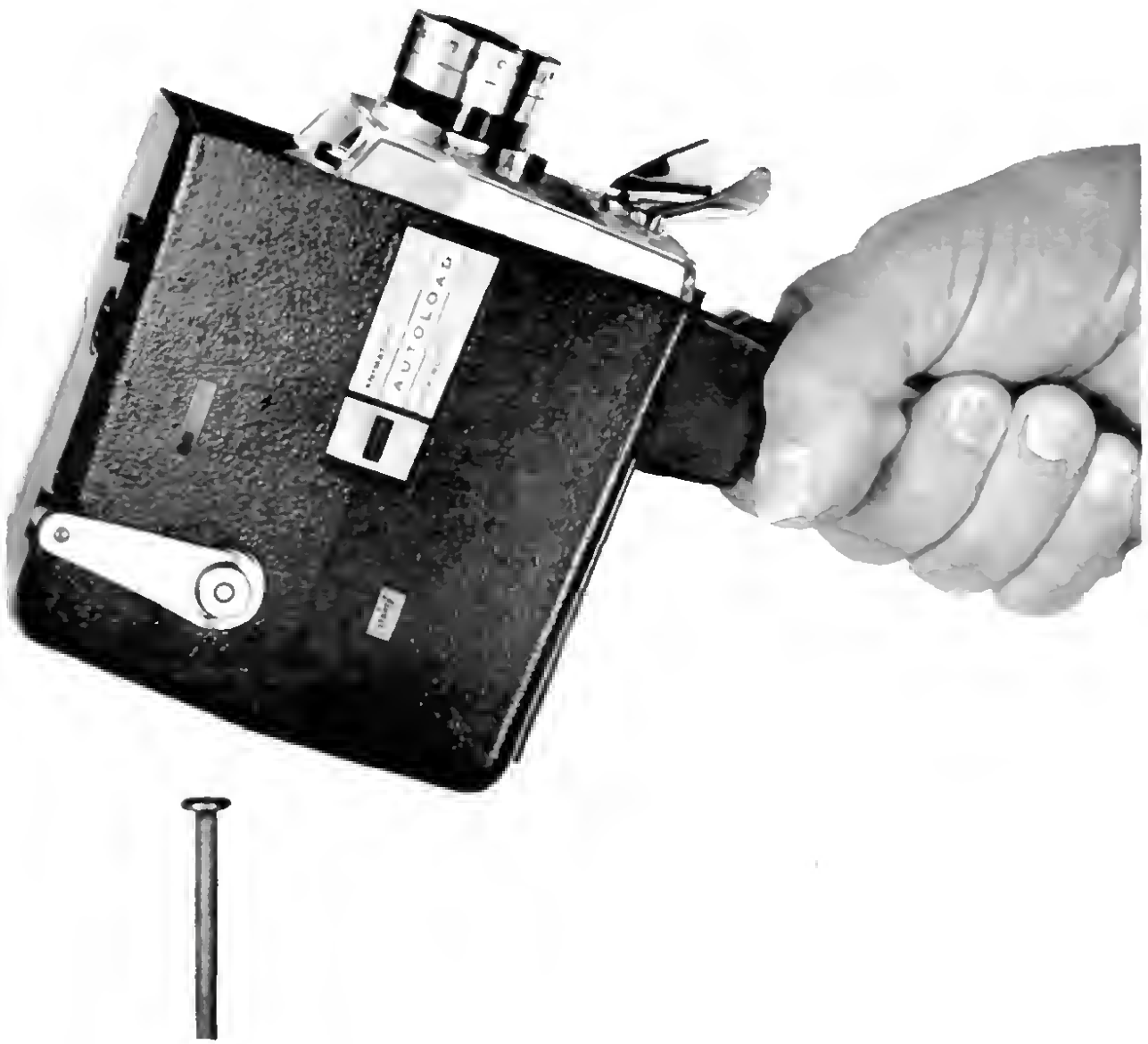
—PAUL STEWART

World's most expensive hammer

A Bell & Howell AUTOLOAD® movie camera makes a dandy hammer. (Our nail-banging was to show the sturdiness of our electric-eye system. It also makes a nice point about our camera bodies, doesn't it?) If your idea of a status symbol is close to one hundred and fifty dollars worth of hammer, though, make sure it's a Bell & Howell. Actually, we didn't plan on making a hammer But when Bell & Howell makes something, we make it strong.

In case you're interested in taking movies, we'd like to point out the handy one-handed-zooming affair. Right there under the lens, see? You tuck your index finger in there and zoom smooth as you please. And the electric eye and reflex viewing. And the folding, built-in pistol grip. Naturally, you load this camera with a cartridge. There now. If you have any further questions, ask your Bell & Howell dealer. Nice fellow.

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A PROGRESSIVE PAST A GOLDEN FUTURE

Patty Berg Staff



Betsy Rawls Country Club



Mickey Wright Champ



What you don't know about "Full Service" Banks could be costing you money

Recently, a team of researchers knocked on 1700 doors to ask people what they knew about banks. "Full Service" banks, to be exact. Although a large majority of the people in this country use "Full Service" banks, only a small percentage realize the many advantages of "Full Service" banking. The survey turned up many surprising responses.



For example, 43% of the people interviewed did not understand that "Full Service" banks are the *only* places legally able to offer checking accounts. 25% of the people who *had* checking accounts hadn't associated the name "Full Service" with their own bank. And nearly 50% did not think first of a "Full Service" bank when they wanted a home loan, auto loan, business loan, personal loan or any of the other kinds of loans.

In short, many people don't realize that today's "Full Service" banks *delight* in making all kinds of loans—not to mention offering savings accounts and checking accounts and a host of other important services.

Money-wise families borrow from their "Full Service" bank

The people who understand the advantages of giving a "Full Service" bank all their business are generally the ones who are making the most of their money. They've established a good relationship over the years by keeping their checking account and their savings account under one roof. When they needed extra money, they've taken advantage of their "Full Service" bank's quick *low-cost* loans instead of dipping into their savings. (On a $2000 loan, for example, they've found they can save as much as $100 in interest charges.)

In short, they've made a "Full Service" bank their financial headquarters. Maybe they've even made one of the bankers their "financial partner." These knowledgeable people are first in line to save on loans, request credit information for business moves or major investments, even utilize their banker's professional advice on how to become financially independent some day.

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SCORECARD

BRINKLEY vs. THE BRONTOSAURUS

"Promoters of dubious enterprises often defend them by saying their history is long," began David Brinkley's *Journal Special* on boxing released by NBC-TV this week. The documentary continued: "Many think boxing is an ugly brontosaurus that has somehow survived beyond its time."

One of the many is David Brinkley, though he did admit that boxing is one way out of the slums and "into a purple Cadillac." But that was just a feint. "The same is true of purse-snatching or pushing marijuana," Brinkley added.

He landed a lot of punches around the belt. Referring to "the spectacle of a longtime criminal being defeated by a Black Muslim," he defined the opponents as Sonny Liston, "the only fighter we know of who's been arrested more times than he's fought," and Cassius Clay, "world champion in two divisions—heavyweight, and loudmouth." Liston got it again when Brinkley quoted George Katz, Sonny's old manager, as saying: "Liston has a lot of good qualities. It's his bad qualities that are not so good."

The arguments against prizefighting are old, though they seldom have been presented so entertainingly. Its imminent death has been predicted often, but it survives, and by no means because television for so long and so profitably drenched the nation's screens with the blood NBC now deplores. TV came closer to killing boxing than any other force that ever opposed it. But men do like to contend against each other with their fists, for fun as well as for money. Like many other disciplines (including TV commentary), boxing has an element of risk. That risk is less than most people think. Boxing will continue.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS

French, the language of diplomats, courtesans and cooks, has been invaded over the years by sporting terminology, much of it derived from English, and all of it resented deeply by Professor Rene Etiemble and the Académie Française. "My language, the blood of my spirit, is being destroyed," says Etiemble with a sob.

So, with the assistance of the French Sportswriters' Union, he has begun a campaign to de-Anglicize French in all aspects, including the sporting. Hereafter sober yachtsmen are to become gay *plaisanciers*, and blue jeans will be dignified as *pantalon de treillis bleu*. Football must be *le ballon rond* if it is soccer, or *ballon ovale* if it is Rugby.

We must doubt that Etiemble will be successful. In the speed and excitement of playing or reporting a game, few will have the patience to enunciate *le ballon rond*. Other languages gladly accept the currency of modern lingo. In English we have taken from the French such words as épée, en garde, touché, lacrosse. Tennis' "love" is, by tradition, attributed to the French *l'oeuf*. Literature can be subjected to academic censure, perhaps, but the language of sport is common parlance. It is for people, not pedants.

RAVE

The Italian film *The Grand Olympics*, once more available to theaters around the country, would have been here three years ago if it had not been for a difference of opinion about its worth. The filmmakers held that it was wonderful, and so demanded a high fee for distribution rights. The American distributors held that it was a sports movie and who goes to sports movies? They would not meet the price. The film went back to Europe.

Well, here it is again, and this time you may have a chance to see it. You should, because it puts you in the middle of Rome during the 1960 Olympics, where you will see Herb Elliott winning the best race a man ever ran, and run the marathon with Abebe Bikila against a background of the Colosseum and the Arch of Constantine and the Appian Way. The editing has re-created to perfection the pace and excitement and holiday atmosphere of the Olympics. It is in color, of course, with a superb musical background.

The only thing wrong with the film is the narration, which is often fatuous, misleading and full of errors. But that is a minor cavil. The movie is great.

STRIP OLLAMALIZTLI

When stout Cortez conquered the Aztec empire in 1519 he found Montezuma and his subjects playing a game the Spaniards did not think worthy of taking back to Europe. Today it barely survives in a much degenerated form in a few towns in western Mexico.

The game was called ollamaliztli, and archeologists from the University of California at Los Angeles have just unearthed in Itapaluca Viejo, a small town in the Valley of Mexico, an ancient and elaborate arena where it was played centuries ago. Containing elements of basketball, soccer and handball (though hands or feet could not be used), it was played on a large, I-shaped masonry court. Players flailed away with hips, knees and elbows at a solid rubber ball the size of a modern volleyball. The object was to drive it through any of a series of stone rings projecting vertically from the wall on the enemy's side of the court. Though the athletes were permitted to wear leather pads on hips, knees and elbows, the action must have been bloody, if not murderous.



Goals seem to have been scored infrequently. A good thing, too, because the player who succeeded in putting the ball through a stone ring was there and then entitled to all the clothing of the spectators behind the ring.

FUN FOR RENT

The car-rental business has now got around to the sports car. Hertz has organized its own Sports Car Club, the members of which may display a gold-

continued



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embossed credit card. Admission to the club is not too easy. Members have to pass a road test, because many applicants who learned to drive since automatic transmissions came in have trouble with the stick shift and clutch, and others are unfamiliar with four-speed shifts.

The sports cars are priced for rental on much the same basis as ordinary automobiles. The original cost of the car determines the rental. Thus, a Jaguar XK-E costs $17 a day and 17¢ a mile, same as a Cadillac. The Corvette goes for $14 and 14¢, like the Thunderbird. Volvos and TR-4s are also available, and some Mustangs are on order.

STICKY DIET

A few years ago the fisher, a voracious little animal that closely resembles the marten, appeared to be on its way to extinction in Maine. Antitrapping laws were passed and now the fisher has begun to pop up in all parts of the state. He has become an export item.

The average porcupine can destroy 5,000 board feet of lumber in its lifetime. But one fisher can destroy 500 porcupines. Nova Scotia, which has lots of lumber and lots of porcupines, has therefore just imported 20 Maine fishers. Over the past four years some 70 fishers have been shipped to Vermont for the same reason.

The fisher's ability to eat porcupines is something of a mystery. Naturalists think the fisher bewilders the porcupine with rapid movements, then flips him over on his back and slashes the unprotected belly. Kenneth W. Hodgdon, chief of Maine's game research and management, has found fishers with their intestines full of quills, quite unharmed by the diet. Furthermore, quills stuck in a fisher's hide do not cause festering as they do in other animals. There is an old wives' tale that the fisher's fat dissolves the quills. Naturalists sneer at this but so far have not produced an alternative explanation.

THE .400 CLUB

Anyone who believes that Willie Mays will maintain his current pace against National League pitchers is invited to inspect this bridge we have for sale, a magnificent structure running between Manhattan and Brooklyn. On the other hand, Willie just might hit .400 this year for the first time since Ted Williams did

continued



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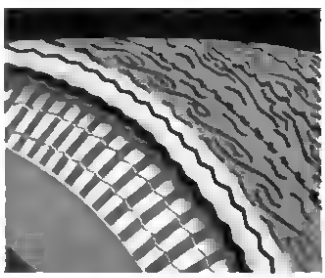
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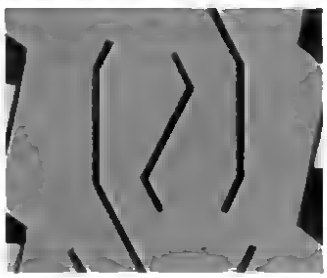
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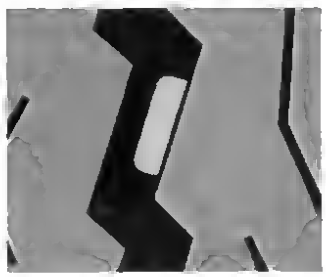
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it in 1941 with a .406. One who thinks he might is Ted Williams, now dedicated to fishing and philosophy. Williams also mentions Mickey Mantle, Hank Aaron, Vada Pinson and Carl Yastrzemski—all of whom, he feels, have the qualities essential for a .400 hitter.

The qualities? In order, he lists them as opportunity, desire and ability, with the latter a distant third.

"The opportunity has to be there," he once said. "You never see a great hockey player from Alabama, and you don't see great hitters from Quebec."

As for "desire," Williams sees little sign of it in today's players.

"Maybe they have too much to do besides play baseball," he speculated. "When I was young I was the first one into a clubhouse before a game and the last one out afterward."

All of which sounds like an ancient bewailing the ways of youth, but it brings us around again to Willie Mays, a fellow impassioned with hunger. He has the opportunity, certainly, and the desire, for sure, and who would doubt his ability?

MOUNTAIN COMES TO MUHAMMAD ALI

There is a good chance that Muhammad Ali will defend his title against Sonny Liston in September. Only one difficulty now intervenes. After Muhammad—then known as Cassius Clay—humiliated Liston at Miami Beach, the World Boxing Association seemed briefly of a mind to disbar both of them and finally settled on loser Liston as the victim of its cautious wrath. Sonny was taken off the list of eligible challengers, for reasons that have more to do with his inability to get along with cops than with his ability in the ring. That situation was apparent before he lost the title, but it seems not to have been so important until then.

Now the WBA is faced once more with the dilemma of its inconsistencies. The rematch seems about to be arranged. A condition is that Liston be restored to status as a contender. The WBA never has dared refuse to sanction a big fight.

Assume that the fight were held without WBA approval, a likely assumption. Suppose that Liston won, which is not wildly implausible. We would then have an unrecognized contender beating the champion in an unrecognized match. If the WBA were to stick to its wooden guns all future champions and championships to the final trumpet would

continued



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be unrecognized. By the WBA, that is.

But the WBA, bless it, is not quite that stupid. WBA President Ed Lassman puts it this way:

"If the public demands a Clay-Liston fight we would probably sanction it. My guess is that we would."

Good guess.

THE PARTICIPANTS

A lopsided view of college sports holds that most students get their exercise waving pennants in the stadium and running from campus police after pantie raids. Critics maintain that the only beneficiaries of costly athletic plants and programs are the varsity performers.

Not true, says the National Collegiate Athletic Association, which counts more than a million male students engaged in 59 different intramural sports, as against 143,788 athletes engaged in 32 different intercollegiate sports. The intramuralists represents 85.7% of the undergraduates in 536 NCAA member institutions.

Furthermore, says Ellis Mendelsohn of the University of Louisville, the trend is toward more intramural play.

"Intramurals and club activity are coming fast," asserts Mendelsohn, who is an associate professor in the physical education department. "There's a great boom in the construction of facilities, buildings and other things."

Most popular intramural sports: basketball, softball, touch football, volleyball and tennis, in that order.

THE CONSERVATIVE PROS

At age 65, when they retire from whatever professional football players turn to after they can no longer play football, National Football League players who have completed five years in the game can look forward to a pension of at least $487 a month.

But, says Pete Rozelle, league president, "our investment program in the stock market could make it as high as $850 in the estimation of many financial experts who say we are too conservative in our expectation."

THEY SAID IT

• Joseph A. W. Iglehart, chairman of the board of the Baltimore Orioles, on the suggestion of ABC TV President Thomas W. Moore that sports change their traditional patterns to better suit TV: "In the league he is in, there are only three teams and he is in last place." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
MAY 4, 1964

THEIR HATS ARE IN THE RING

Four men whose backgrounds vary as widely as their tastes in haadgear have tha top contenders in this week's Kentucky Darby; oddly enough, their compating colts have similar styles on the racatrack.

by WHITNEY TOWER



The smiling, confident gentleman on the opposite page is wealthy San Francisco Horse Owner George A. Pope Jr., whose very fine Thoroughbred, Hill Rise, probably will be the favorite in the 90th consecutive running of the Kentucky Derby. George Pope knows that in the previous 89 Derbies the favorite has won 40 times, considerably better than the national average of winning favorites in all U.S. races. Pope also goes to his second Kentucky Derby as an owner with the knowledge that favorites still lose more often than not; two years ago his Decidedly, a lukewarm third choice, won the Derby while heavily favored Ridan was third.

Chief challengers of George Pope's equanimity in Saturday's mint-scented potpourri of nostalgia, bedlam and a dash of Thoroughbred class (*see cover*), are the three men at right. They are, from the top, the owners of Northern Dancer, The Scoundrel and Quadrangle. Any one of these horses—or all three—could whip Hill Rise; they are qualified and ready.

The Kentucky Derby, aside from its hoopla, has a special niche in American racing. Like the Masters in golf, it is the spring's first meeting place for the top competitors of their class over a championship distance. Derby colts go a mile and a quarter. Later, they too will be retested in their own version of the U.S. Open, the mile-and-a-half classic Belmont Stakes. When colts like Hill Rise, Northern Dancer and Quadrangle win mile-and-an-eighth races in the winter and early spring, it is no guarantee that they will do the same at a mile and a quarter on the first Saturday in May. Often, on Derby Day, it turns out that nine furlongs, the shorter distance, is just right for a horse but that 10 furlongs definitely is not. Conversely, the fast-closing finisher at nine furlongs often seems a tempting bet at 10 furlongs. However, he may just keep right on being a fast-closing loser.

Many factors go into the preparation of a Derby winner and, while a few have simply been lucky, the year-in-year-out Churchill Downs champion is the product of exquisite timing by a trainer, and a ride by a jockey who has the cold patience to trust and follow his orders. Above all, naturally, the young horse himself will have the breeding and courage to see the job through.

This year's Derby, possibly more than most, poses a challenge in racing tactics. All four favorites like to run up front. This is not to say they are pace-setters, but they do prefer positions just behind the early leader. For a time this did not seem to be much of a problem, for it was widely assumed that Roy Sturgis' Mr. Brick would dash to the lead, as he usually does, and the others would race comfortably along close to him until the turn for home. Then, at the quarter pole, the race would begin among the charging quartet who would fight to the wire while Mr. Brick graciously retired. But last week Mr. Brick showed up for the seven-furlong Stepping Stone without blinkers for the first time, and with a new jockey. He had been ridden most recently by Wally Blum, but in this year's feverish round robin of Derby mount selections (SI, April 27) Mr. Brick suddenly found himself under the firm hand of Milo Valenzuela. This is the same Milo who rode Tim Tam to victory in 1958, and who earlier in the week had been announced as the rider for California's Wil Rad. The reason for the removal of Mr. Brick's blinkers, as explained by trainer Jimmy Picou, is that they may have been preventing him from seeing his opposition moving up on him. The reason for the switch to Milo Valenzuela was quickly apparent when the race began. There was Mr. Brick under a tight hold, nicely off the pace set by the long shot Geology. Milo, of course, did put him in front eventually and then held him together in the stretch long enough to beat The Scoundrel by a diminishing half length. What this indicated, in the general Derby picture, is that some other sprinter, most likely Admiral's Heart or Royal Shuck, will set the early pace. Mr. Brick, who has a world of speed when he wants to use it, will be back with the favorites.

There is no question but that all the favorites have pure speed in abundance. For the first mile of Northern Dancer's winning Blue Grass Stakes last week,

continued







San Francisco Shipping Magnate George Pope (opposite) who owns favored Hill Rise has never worn a hat. E. P. Taylor (top), Canada's foremost racing man and its beer and lumber baron, owns Northern Dancer. Rex Ellsworth (center) is a working rancher and owner of The Scoundrel. Art Collector and Financier Paul Mellon of horsy Upperville, Va. owns Quadrangle.

however, this was hardly apparent. He trailed along behind Royal Shuck in hunt-meeting time of 25, 50⅕, 1:14⅘ and 1:38⅖, with Bill Hartack riding him. But the slow final time of 1:49⅘ was extremely deceptive. Northern Dancer actually covered the last three-eighths in 35 seconds flat and his last furlong in 11⅖. The significance of this winning race is that it showed Northern Dancer can be rated off any kind of pace, from extremely slow to lickety-split, like the 1:09⅖ six-furlong pace set for him by Mr. Brick in the Flamingo. He has speed whenever he needs it. Trainer Horatio Luro (*see page 33*) has a very fit horse on his hands.

Hill Rise himself has not been idle since coming to Kentucky after his victory in the Santa Anita Derby on Feb. 29. Before running in this week's one-mile Derby Trial, he won his seventh straight in a seven-furlong race at Keeneland. Somewhere along the line, however, Hill Rise has acquired a case of nerves, and perhaps because of it he kicked out in his stall and bruised his left hind hock. That is now all cleared up, and last week he worked a mile in 1:38⅕ before a beaming George Pope and Trainer Bill Finnegan.

Paul Mellon's Quadrangle, who will go in the Derby with no other race since winning the Wood Memorial, does not get Hartack to ride him after all. With Hartack firmly set on Northern Dancer and Braulio Baeza's status indefinite pending legal troubles over his contract with Owner Fred Hooper, Trainer Elliott Burch has given the mount on Quadrangle to Bobby Ussery. "Hartack suited this colt perfectly," said Burch, "but of the other available riders, Ussery is very strong and rides a lot like him. Ussery is at his best on a horse that likes to lay close to the pace."

While he is not doing as much talking as he was obliged to when he brought Swaps to Louisville in 1955 and Candy Spots last year, Mesh Tenney has never been more serious than he is about training The Scoundrel for this Derby. A year ago he was criticized by those who thought Candy Spots came to the big race somewhat "short" after a long layoff from racing. Tenney passed up the Stepping Stone and with it, his critics said, all his Derby chances. "I didn't want to pass it up," Tenney explained recently, "but Candy Spots was a more nervous horse than many people suspected. He needed to get used to crowds. That race was on opening day here, and I think if I had taken him to a strange and noisy paddock that day he would have been absolutely terrified. I still think I had about an equal chance to win."

The Scoundrel, although fit, very much needs the experience of racing. In the Florida Derby he had trouble changing his leads. This did not bother him as he finished second to Mr. Brick in the Stepping Stone; what most impressed observers was the way he made up a length and a half from the eighth pole to the wire and finished very strongly. "Naturally I don't feel as confident with this horse as I did with Candy Spots," said Tenney, "because this colt has yet to prove he has that kind of ability. But we wouldn't be here if we didn't think he had a good deal of ability anyway."

It is still difficult to say just who will start this Saturday. Mr. Brick bore out in the stretch in the Stepping Stone, which could mean something is bothering him. Mr. Moonlight, winner of the Gotham, had a touch of the virus that briefly set him back in training. Ishkoodah was a stretch-running disappointment in Florida, and Wil Rad does not appear to have the stamina for a mile and a quarter. But Roman Brother, who ran so well last fall, could be a surprise if he continues the improvement shown in the Wood Memorial, where he finished third. He is as little, however, as Hill Rise is big. And he is also a come-from-behinder. In a big Derby field, the late runner must rely on lucky breaks to get through without losing yards of ground in circling the tiring horses in front of him. One advantage a little horse sometimes has in a crowded field is that he may be more shifty on his feet and therefore less apt to be thrown seriously off-stride if he is knocked about. Kentucky Jug may have earned a trip to Louisville with a good showing last week at Laurel, though he finished second. There are also the usual offbeat hopefuls. A Canadian colt named Grand Garcon (trained by a relative of Germany's World War I ace, Baron Manfred von Richthofen) has been entered on the basis of a victory over Northern Dancer a year ago. Another on the grounds is Admiral's Heart who, bless his heart, is still a maiden. But then so was Sir Barton in 1919, and all he did was become the first Triple Crown winner. Finally there are Dandy K., Extra Swell, Clem Pac, Floral Shop, He's A Gem and Prince Davelle, but by entry time two days before the race some of these and others may have been frightened off by the Big Four.

But which will be the Big One? In an open race, my vote goes to Northern Dancer.

DERBY HORSES ON THE ROAD TO CHURCHILL DOWNS

As the colts began their campaigns soon after the first of the year, our color cameras followed them, to record the significant races of those who later became Derby favorites. At the top of the opposite page Hill Rise (7) moves up to overtake Wil Red (4) and Real Good Deel and win at Sante Anita on Februery 12. Below, Quadrangle (center) loses his first start by a head to Ky. Pioneer on February 19 at Hialeah. For other key races, turn page.






1


8
2
6





With Willie Shoemaker up, Northern Dancer (top, opposite page) *won his first race of 1964 at Hialeah by seven lengths. Then, with an old quarter crack heeled, he won the Flamingo.*

Roman Brother (above left) *came from way off the pace to nail Mr Brick* (alongside) *by a head in the Everglades, but this Florida-bred was disappointing in his next two races.*

Hill Rise ran away with the Santa Anita Derby by six lengths (left). *Trailing him at the wire were Knightly Manner* (6), *Wil Rad* (2), *Reel Good Deal* (8), *The Scoundrel* (3).



Pressed hard for the only time in four successive races, Northern Dancer still beat The Scoundrel by a length in the Florida Derby (opposite). Ridden by Willie Shoemaker here, he will have another jockey in Kentucky. His training has been a model for the preparation of a classic colt, and the man responsible is the colorful Argentine at right



THE CONTINENTAL TOUCH OF SENOR HORATIO LURO

by ALFRED WRIGHT

The man who trains Northern Dancer, Señor Horatio Luro, cuts a splendid figure around the track. Well over 6 feet tall, he dresses in the tweedy elegance of European aristocracy, often with the added fillip of shirts in dazzling pink or yellow. When he supervises the daily preparation of a dozen or more Thoroughbreds at early morning workouts, Señor stands out like Adolphe Menjou at a soup kitchen. Each time a set of his horses arrives on the track, there rides Señor aboard his stable pony, his hawklike face peering impassively from beneath a rakish cloth cap, a flawlessly cut hacking jacket on his back and a pair of gabardine slacks over his well-boned English boots. It might be Chantilly or Newmarket, were it not for the prosaic American types who are cluttering up the background.

During the afternoon racing, the rich and famous welcome Señor to their box seats, basking in the charm of his Continental manners and hoping, perhaps, for a tidbit of profitable information. When Señor doffs his hat to the ladies, one sees that the hair has thinned to a few brown strands. Otherwise the strenuous 63 years he has lived have left hardly a trace on this handsome man.

Around the paddock and the saddling enclosure, the doubt-torn public is on equally easy terms with him, calling to him by name and now and then grasping his sleeve with soiled hands and rasping into his ear, "Hey, Señor, anything to tell me?" Though Señor rarely rewards anyone with more than a sly and conspiratorial smile or a little small talk, no one seems to go away disappointed.

There is ample precedent for Luro to win a big one like the Kentucky Derby. Two years ago he won the race with Decidedly, an outsider that came from George Pope's El Peco Ranch in the San Joaquin Valley of California. In the 27 years since Luro arrived in this country from his native Argentina riding a shoestring, his horses have won a dozen stakes in the $100,000 category, as well as many of the classics, among them the Jockey Club Gold Cup, the Coaching Club American Oaks and the Whitney Stakes. Luro's victories in run-of-the-mill stakes and handicaps from the Arctic Circle to the Mexican border are uncountable.

Even so, Señor is a legendary character among horsemen chiefly because of Princequillo, a 2-year-old Irish plater he claimed at Saratoga 22 years ago this summer. Within a year Luro developed this courageous little colt, who seldom ran on more than 2½ or three legs, into the distance champion of the country, and today, at the age of 24, Princequillo is one of the leading sires in American Thoroughbred history. Round Table, his most famous offspring, is the leading money winner of all time.

In 1944 Princequillo broke down, and soon after Luro did, too. Princequillo was relegated to stud in Virginia, and Luro went to the Mayo clinic. "The war was over," Luro says, "and the help situation was very bad around the tracks. I am very exhausted, and I think I quit racing completely and go to live in Europe or something. But after I spend some time at the clinic and take six months' vacation I feel so good I am itching to get back to racing."

The career of Horatio Luro divides itself neatly into two phases—before and after his postwar breakdown. When he resumed his racing activities, he established himself as one of the most knowledgeable and respected Thoroughbred horsemen, training for such distin-

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guished stables as Liz Tippett's Llangollen Farm, E. P. Taylor's Windfields Farmand Pope's El Peco Ranch. He was married to the popular and pretty Mrs. Frances Gardiner, daughter of a wealthy Atlanta mining executive—his second marriage—and he settled down to a conscientious and reasonably conservative routine for a man who lives by racing. But it was in the first phase of his life that Luro developed his great knowledge of horses and an undying reputation as a lady-killer.

Horatio Luro was one of the nine children (six sons) of Adolfo Luro, a wealthy rancher who headed a large meat-packing company in Argentina. "I learn very early in life," Horatio says, "that my grandfather, Pedro Luro, fought the Indians in the 1800s. They were always fighting back and forth across the lands, my grandfather and the Indians, and he had a very fast horse, a buckskin called El Moro. When things got hot and he was on the run and had to save his skin, he always took that horse. He left his sons millions of acres."

Señor is very proud of his forebears, and he recalls with fondness the happy and irresponsible days of his youth, when his family had a great deal of money and he lived the life of a *niño bien*, or playboy. The Luro brothers all went to school in Buenos Aires, and during the summer vacations they lived and worked at Haras El Moro, rounding up the cattle and schooling the horses. As Señor puts it, "Girls, unfortunately, were one of my weak spots." When he was 18 he found one that appealed to him so much he ran away with her, and Father Adolfo Luro had to call on the police to find the romantic couple.

The Luro white and gold racing colors had for years been among the most celebrated in Argentina. Their most famous horse, Old Man, never lost a race in his career and is still regarded as the Argentine equivalent of Man o' War. To earn his filial allowance money, young Horatio had to put in an appearance at the Sunday race meetings, and soon, as he says, "I got interested in racing without knowing it."

At that time, however, he still was more interested in girls and next found himself in love with a young lady who was embarking on a voyage to Europe. Horatio went to see her off and decided, on the spur of the moment, to go along for the ride. A friend of about the same measurements lent him some clothes during the voyage, and Horatio became engaged to the girl in mid-crossing. After three or four jolly months in France, the girl broke off the engagement "due to my lack of consistency," as Señor explains it. When his father thereupon stopped his allowance, Horatio found himself a job in Paris as a car salesman.

During the next few years Horatio bounced back and forth between Europe and Argentina, married an Argentine widow with a couple of children, operated a Chrysler agency in Buenos Aires with a rich playboy pal, who is known on the international nightclub circuit as Macoco, and worked for a time in the Argentine embassy in The Netherlands.

The illness and financial difficulties of his father during the Depression brought Luro back to Argentina in 1933, and at this point he took over active management of the racing and the El Moro stud. Times were bad in South America in those days, and Luro found himself disposing of most of the family's 40 or 50 yearlings each year in exchange for IOUs and other nonnegotiable paper. Several times the thought occurred to him that he might do better peddling the horses in the U.S., but his father told him he was crazy. "You don't speak the language, and you don't know anything about American racing," the elder Luro protested.

Still, Luro couldn't get the idea of the American Thoroughbred market out of his mind. In 1937, shortly after his father's death, Señor made his first visit to the U.S., landing in Miami. He met John Gaver, Duval Headley and several other well-known horsemen in a Miami nightclub and went to the races with them. What he saw on the Florida tracks convinced him that his own horses and the other Thoroughbred stock of his native land would do well in the U.S.

About six months later Luro received a call from a man in Chile, who introduced himself as A. E. Silver, an American trainer shopping for racehorses in South America. Silver had only about $3,000 to spend, but Luro found a couple of horses for him and arranged to ship them north. He also persuaded Silver to let him accompany the horses and bring along a couple more of his own. The horses and Luro arrived that summer of 1937 in Chicago, where Silver's acquisitions won a few races. Then Luro moved on to California. There, during the fall season, Luro himself scored his first victory, with a horse called Amor Brujo, who won two of three starts. By the end of the year he had disposed of his stock and had a profit of something like $40,000 or $50,000.

That money and more that followed evaporated quickly. "I like the girls in Hollywood," Señor says without regret, "and I spend a lot of my money there. What is left I take back home and buy some more horses and bring them back for the next season. I liked this country. I liked better to live here than in Argentina, so I resigned from the El Moro stud. And then every year I go back and forth to Paris on my vacation, and it was a very nice life. I have a lot of fun in those days, but then came the war, and I could not import any more horses."

A friend who has known Señor since his early days in the U.S. and observed him in all his activities at close range, has summed him up this way: "He liked French champagne, Argentine horses and American women." One of the most popular stories about him at that time is told by a reporter who called him up one Sunday to ask him a question about one of his horses. "Why you bother me on Sunday?" Señor replied. "Sunday is for lauveeng."

On the other six days of the week, however, Señor kept his mind closely tuned to business. He particularly admired the technique of B.A. (Plain Ben) Jones, the taciturn old Middle Westerner who was beginning to have such enormous success with the Calumet stable of Warren Wright Jr., the baking powder man. "His horses always looked very good when he brought them to the races," Señor says. "He never hurried them, and he never ran them unless they were ready."

Señor's own training methods are a synthesis of his long apprenticeship with his father's horses in Argentina and his careful observations of Americans like Ben Jones. "Horatio has a good eye for a horse," says his former partner, Charlie Whittingham. "He is a great judge of an animal, especially its future, and he has lots of patience. He is a slow trainer who gives a horse plenty of time to get ready. He doesn't train fast, doesn't move fast himself and never is in a hurry to push a horse."

"I hired him because he was born

to horses and understood them," says George Pope, for whom Luro has won a number of big races besides Decidedly's Derby. For the past six seasons, Señor has trained the eastern division of Pope's racing stable, while Bill Finnegan has handled the California division. Finnegan, of course, brings Hill Rise to the Derby as Northern Dancer's chief competitor.

The unhurried manner in which Señor has developed Northern Dancer illustrates the patience he employs when he has a truly fine horse. The colt was assigned to him as a 2-year-old by Taylor, who has regularly sent one of the smaller divisions of his enormous stable to Señor since 1957. The Dancer, who gets his name because his dam, Natalma, was a Native Dancer mare, started his career extremely well in Canada last August and finished the season by winning Canada's Coronation Futurity in October and the Remsen Stakes at Aqueduct in November, the former at 1⅛ miles and the latter at a mile. Unfortunately, he sustained a quarter crack on his left front hoof while shipping in a van, and so there has always been a threat that the horse would break down momentarily.

Realizing that only the gamest colt would run so well under such a handicap, Señor racked his brain for some way to get the colt ready for the Derby without causing him serious injury. He discovered that a blacksmith named William Bane had invented an operation for vulcanizing a split hoof and had performed it successfully on Su Mac Lad, the great harness horse. Early last December, shortly after the Dancer had won the Remsen, Bane performed a seven-hour operation on the colt in a stall at Belmont, with Señor in nervous attendance. Then followed the tedious and careful business of getting the Dancer back in racing condition without creating strains that might break him down.

For his first winter start at Hialeah last February, Northern Dancer was entered in an unimportant six-furlong sprint to test his progress. Bobby Ussery, the leading jockey of the meeting, was riding him, and they were badly bumped as they left the starting gate. When the colt recovered, he was lengths behind the leader, but Ussery rode eagerly after the field. Having caught most of the horses in the turn toward home, Ussery was again badly bumped but continued to whip the colt in an effort to win. He failed to do so, finishing third, and Señor was furious. "It's a terrible thing to beat a horse like that unnecessarily," Señor said afterward. "We know he can run, but we don't want to hurt him in some race that doesn't matter. I believe in being very patient with my horses. I don't want punishment—under no circumstances. Unless I prescribe punishment, which is very seldom, I don't want the jockey to touch my horses with the whip." Ussery was removed from further rides aboard Northern Dancer and was replaced by Bill Shoemaker in the Flamingo and the Florida Derby.

Señor's secret with horses, if there is such a thing, is a kind of reverse on the usual training methods. He tries to adapt the environment to the horse. For instance, he emphatically disagrees with the prevalent theory among some trainers that any of the leading jockeys are capable of getting identical results out of a horse on a given day. To prove his point he cites the case of Miss Grillo, an ailing mare he bought in Argentina in 1946 for $25,000 and brought to the U.S. for the Mill River Stable. Under the gentle ministrations of Jockey Conn McCreary, Miss Grillo won $250,000 before she was retired, but without McCreary aboard she could do little. On one occasion, when McCreary failed to show up for a race in Maryland, Señor gave the mount to Eddie Arcaro, who had been begging for a chance to ride her. That day Miss Grillo finished well back in the ruck, and Señor believes it was because she disliked Arcaro's strong, aggressive style. A few days later McCreary beat roughly the same field with Miss Grillo.

Most of the stable hands and exercise boys whom Señor employs around the barn have been with him for years, and he does his best to match their temperaments with the particular horses to which they are assigned. "When you get to know a horse, you can always tell whether he is happy or not and how he is feeling," the Señor insists. "You can tell by the way he is feeding and his disposition when he is working out and whether he likes the horse in the stall on this side of him or that side of him. You have to keep a horse happy or he won't run for you. Anyone can tell you if a horse is not happy when he goes to the track or finishes a race but you must be careful to learn what makes him happy. The same with a jockey. You must study the horse to understand the kind of jockey he will like. Northern Dancer, I am convinced, will get along very well with a boy who sits still on him."

Although Señor appears to have a disposition as serene and sunny as the first day of spring, he is not immune to the stresses and strains of the racetrack. A few years ago he was a party to one of the noisiest feuds in modern racing when he became involved in a lawsuit with Liz Whitney Tippett. They still refuse to speak to each other.

This year, as he moved north for the spring and summer racing, Señor tried to avoid some of the tensions of the past by confining his stable to about 40 horses consigned by a number of different owners including, of course, Taylor. In previous years he had attempted to train as many as 60 horses in three divisions, employing assistant trainers to manage each division and traveling to the different tracks in Canada and various parts of the U.S. where the divisions were racing at the moment. About his only respite was his annual summer pilgrimage to Deauville, a trip that he insists is necessary to protect his hay fever from the pollen of Saratoga. Deauville, however, is scarcely an escape, for there he looks over the racing stock that he and Frances run in France, and he also tries to find a few promising racing fillies at the Deauville sales.

Although marriage and the years have somewhat mellowed Señor, his racing public still looks to him for the miracles he provided in such fabulous seasons as the 1947 Saratoga meeting, when he had 17 winners in 30 races, including nine stakes. There are still a number of people like a Miami headwaiter named Pancho who used to bet $20 on every horse Señor trained, no matter what. It was Pancho's claim that with this system he never finished a meeting a loser.

Señor regards such faithful fans with amused tolerance, claiming that his only magic is hard work and a ceaseless attendance on the whims and eccentricities of his horses. As proof he points to a skin rash that covers his legs and arms, the effect of a nervous disorder brought on by the strain of his self-imposed routine. "I ask the doctor how to cure it," Señor says, "and he tell me there is only one way. Get a million dollars and a yacht and stop only at ports that make you happy." END



THEY CAME OUT IN GALE FORCE

The winds blew on the first big outdoor track weekend of the season, but one performer, massive Discus Thrower Al Oerter (left), caught a zephyr to his liking and spun out a world record **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Alfred A. Oerter is like any other Long Island noncommuter who has two children, a good-paying job outside of Manhattan, a healthy distrust of the Long Island Expressway and a few thousand pounds of lead available to him at a little gym near the office. The lead is for lifting, which increases his collar size and fills out his shirts in a manner that would set him apart on any commuter train west of Levittown. Otherwise the only distinguishing feature about noncommuter Oerter is that he can throw a discus farther than any other man, commuting or dead.

Getting distance throwing the discus is no more difficult than getting distance throwing a sausage pizza, once you get the hang of it. Some discus throwers, of course, never do and presumably go to a wobbly grave. Oerter has been throwing the discus all his adult life (he is 27) and a good portion of his youth, or a total of 12 years, and admirers of his technique say that if he cannot throw it to Connecticut on the fly he can certainly skip it across Long Island Sound. Oerter is content, however, to flash around the world on his days off—weekends and vacations—setting records with great sweeps of his arm.

Last weekend he was on vacation and back at Mt. San Antonio College Stadium in the scrubby San Jose Hills 40 minutes east of Los Angeles. The Mt. San Antonio Relays, the Drake Relays at Des Moines and the Penn Relays at Philadelphia, all on the same busy weekend, are the coming-out parties of the outdoor track and field season. They attract athletes of all ages and descriptions—5,000 this year at Penn and close to 3,000 at Mt. SAC—and though Olympic prospects are in definite abundance, so are the definite nonprospects. One skinny steeplechaser at Mt. SAC entertained the crowd by walking across the hurdles and jumping with both feet into the water hazard every time he brought his weary wet self around.

Notwithstanding the confusion of such carnival, Oerter a year ago threw the discus 205 feet 5½ inches, a world record and far better than he had done winning Olympic gold medals in 1956 and 1960. Soon thereafter, however, he suffered a slipped disc in his back and competed only three times more in 1963. Each time he threw, pain shot down his left arm. He is right-handed but the left leads away as the whip arm. "I began to anticipate the pain," said Oerter. "It became a mental block."

Oerter is a big man, 6 feet 3 3/4, 257 pounds ("I would like to be taller, and bigger, because there is still room in the circle for me to put size to good use"). He has rugged good looks, a bull's-eye dimple at the point of his chin and scars he earned when he put his head through a windshield five years ago. "I went through clean," he said, "but I got sliced up when my buddies pulled me out. My buddies." He is a systems analyst at Grumman Aircraft on Long Island and is very much a believer in precise analysis of his own problems.

Representing the New York Athletic Club, Oerter showed up last Saturday at Mt. SAC on a crisp, clear California day wearing a blue ski jacket over a turtleneck sweater over a T shirt over an ultrasonic massage over a shot of cortisone. No mental block on the market today could live under that kind of suffocation.

The chill wind was made to order for discus throwers, gusting in at about 10

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Caribbean gingham: swinging new sport shirt from Arrow.

This is a good guy's gingham. (Note how it wins over the girl in this last scene.) These two were made for each other. And they'll stay true-blue because this subtle gingham pattern is woven. They're neatly tapered to approximate your individual measure, correctly buttoned-down to give the collar a soft, casual roll. (Arrow places the buttons with dead-eye precision to get it that way.) There's a button in the back and a label that reads "Sanforized." That means this cotton shirt will stay true to its fit for life. Three other gay gingham colors. His, $5. Be a hero. Buy her one, too. Miss Arrow, $4.



Wherever you go, you look better in — ARROW —

mph and running diagonally to the line of fire. In his practice throws, however, Oerter could not get the lip of the disc up enough, and his line drives dug in far short of 200 feet. Then, on his first official throw, with jacket, turtleneck and T shirt still on, he whipped through perfectly—"balance is so important, and balance is where I have improved these last few years"—and the disc took off, low at first, and then soaring up with nary a wobble, peeling to the left to complete the arc and thudding down past the triangular colored flags that rimmed the 200-foot throwing area. A few more feet and it would have joined a jumper in the high-jump pit.

As Oerter paced up and down, flipping his retrieved disc nervously, the long steel measuring tape was stretched and the distance recorded: 206 feet 5¾ inches, a world record.

Subsequent throws were unsatisfactory, but on his last try of the day Oerter did 206 feet 4 inches in a fashion that nearly stunned him. He deliberately came out of his spin in a squat to compensate for having been leaning to the left and pulling his throws—"and everybody knows you're not supposed to squat. Maybe I'll have to look closer into these wrong methods."

Oerter long ago made up his mind that happiness was a 200-foot discus throw. Having passed his goal with such shattering regularity, he now feels he could stand the extravagance of winning a third straight Olympic championship next fall. He thinks it altogether possible that someone will eventually throw the discus 220 feet, "but it probably will be a bigger, taller man than me."

An ill wind, too

Whatever advantage the wind had for Oerter and the discus throwers, it was not unanimously loved by the winners at Mt. SAC. New Zealand's Doreen Porter, a long-long-legged girl in white short shorts, ran 100 yards in 10.4 seconds and 220 yards in 23.9, and both would have been American records had she not had a six-to-10-mile wind as escort. The same was true for Darel Newman of Fresno State, who hopped off the starting blocks as though he were out to beat the Greyhound Bus to San Francisco. He did 100 meters in 10.1, which would have tied the American record.

Otherwise the disappointments were not windblown so much as they were typical of what happens to arms and legs and generators after a winter indoors. Dallas Long, the world's best shotputter, did 63 feet 10¼ inches, two feet under his record and 2¾ inches behind Texas A&M freshman Randy Matson's superb winning toss at Des Moines, and came to the amiable conclusion that, despite how wonderful he felt, 1) the wind distracted him, 2) Mt. San Antonio has always been a tough bank for him to crack and 3) at 262 pounds he was just too much muscle—or too much something. Olympic Broad Jumper Ralph Boston won at 25 feet 10¼ inches and mumbled to himself, "You gotta get up in the air, man, you gotta get up in the *air*."

But nobody looked quite so unready for summer as C. K. Yang, the decathlon world record holder, whose country is Nationalist China and whose school is UCLA but whose training is lacking. Yang is now out of undergraduate competition and has been "taking it much easier, building up more slowly," he said before the first day of the decathlon. "It is better, because my legs do not hurt," he explained, gripping his thighs.

What hurt, eventually, were his eyes—at the sight of Russ Hodge, a self-trained track man and Air Force regular from New York, holding a big lead after five events. Yang ultimately won out, but he did not look good.

What did look good and made good sense—but passed unnoticed in the rush of 2,950 athletes, 106 officials, 12,000 fans and the usual general amazement that such a meet can be put on at all—was Meet Director Hilmer Lodge's installing the international 10-meter rule for the short-distance relay events. International rules allow an additional hand-off strip of 10 meters—a sort of early warning line—for the man accepting the hand-off, so that he may be going full tilt when he takes the baton in the allotted space. Fouls cost American teams victories in Rome and Moscow under international hand-off rules, and Lodge, like the directors of the Penn Relays, thought it would be wise to start educating.

Dramatically, the relay teams from Gramhling (La.) College tied the world record of 40 seconds in the 440—though Australia has a 39.9 pending—and then missed by .8 second at 1:23.4 in the 880. In spite of all the athletes' problems, it was a good wind that blew in the outdoor season. **END**



A quick and charming New Zealander, Doreen Porter, won both women's sprints at Mt. SAC.



An awesome freshman, Texas A&M's Randy Matson, set a shotput record at Des Moines.

THE RUNNING GAME COMES BACK

In the first two weeks of the season players in both leagues were scampering around the base paths like crazy, using steals, the hit-and-run and the bunt to win tight games

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Two weeks ago Willie Davis of the Los Angeles Dodgers sprawled out on the thick blue padding that covers the dugout bench in Dodger Stadium and talked about a subject close to his heart—running. "I really love to spin my wheels," said Willie. "I believe it's possible for me to steal between 50 and 60 bases this season. That's about twice as many as I ever stole in one season in my life. Of course, I'm not going to say that I *will* steal that many, because too much depends on the breaks, my health and so on. But it would be possible. Real possible."

Back in 1960, when Willie came to the major leagues to play full time, he was considered the fastest man ever to play for the always fast Dodgers, the fastest man in the National League, the fastest man in baseball and one of the fastest men alive. Today he is still extremely fast and still the fastest Dodger, but he is no longer the fastest in the National League or even the fastest in Chavez Ravine.

This season there are runners all over the place in baseball, and many seem to be as fast—or as quick—as Willie Davis ever was. Chico Ruiz of the Cincinnati Reds is now probably the fastest in his league, and the whole Red team is now as fast as the Dodgers—if not faster.

The overall speed title may belong to Dick (Briefcase) Simpson of the Los Angeles Angels. Briefcase, a center fielder, plays the same position in the same ball park as Willie Davis, which should make for some fine comparative arguments before the season is finished.

"There is no doubt," says Manager Johnny Keane of the St. Louis Cardinals, "that teams are running more this year than in a long, long time, and they will continue to run. I believe that the whole idea of running was triggered by Maury Wills and Willie Davis two years ago when they stole 136 bases between them. For too long people in baseball had forgotten about running. It has always been one of the most important parts of the game, but it became the most neglected. Today many players do not even know themselves how fast they can run and 90% can still improve their running. We worked and worked this spring on our running, on the hit-and-run, on picking up the extra base. Baseball games are tighter today than ever before, and getting a little edge with speed has become tremendously important."

Just how important the little edge can be is shown by the fact that the three best teams in baseball last season—the Dodgers, Cards and Yankees—played in a total of 161 games that were decided by one run.

Says George Strickland, who is acting as manager of the Cleveland Indians until Birdie Tebbetts recovers from a heart attack, "The Dodgers made speed attractive. That's their whole attack and it is bound to have impressed everyone, whether they admit it or not. The club that is running is going to force other clubs into mistakes. The stolen base demoralizes a defense."

Pedro Ramos, the Cleveland right-hander, believes that the way the Dodgers beat the Yankees in the World Series has convinced many managers in the American League that speed is the answer to Yankee power for them, too. Ramos, who in 1962 grandiloquently billed himself as the "fastest man in baseball" and got beaten by Briefcase Simpson in a 75-yard dash, has adopted a slogan for his teammates this season: "Go for Pedro." And the first-place Indians are really going.

Actually, many teams in the American League are turning to speed—stealing, bunting and using the hit-and-run more than ever before. The World Series lesson was not lost on the Yankees either. One of the first things Yogi Berra did this spring was tell his players that he intended to use more running, a definite departure from the managing techniques of Ralph Houk. In a game against the Baltimore Orioles last week the Yankees

Push bunt by Linz was one of four Yankee



flashed their speed and won a big ball game with it. Mickey Mantle dragged a bunt single, Roger Maris—yes, Roger Maris—also dragged a bunt single and went to second by tagging up on a fly ball to center and Bobby Richardson stretched a single to a double. Each eventually scored in a 4–1 win.

"When you get men with speed thinking more about running, you open up the game," says Manager Bill Rigney of the Angels. "You worry the opposition to death. This causes that infinitesimal glance by fielders that often can result in a misjudged fly ball or in a man being half a step behind a ground ball." Even the Minnesota Twins, who usually rely on extra-base hits, are working for runs this way. Says Coach Floyd Baker, "We are trying to force the defense into having at least one player out of position on the hit-and-run."

While base stealing is up 55% in the American League and triples have risen another 45%, the National League is not far behind in these statistics. The Pittsburgh Pirates can attribute part of their early-season success to the hit-and-run—and playing the New York Mets seven times. "The Pirates were off and running almost every time I looked up," said Catcher Dick Bertell of the Cubs the other day. "The reason for it, I think, is that the pitchers had so much success last year that the hitters are out to bother them this year."

Third Baseman Ken Boyer of the St. Louis Cardinals says, "There are an awful lot of pitchers today who will never give you a home run ball. So you have to rattle them when you get on base." Early this season Boyer, who stole only one base all last year, got on against Don Drysdale of the Dodgers and took such long leads that he drew five throws to first. In addition to annoying a pitcher and spoiling his concentration, this can tire him. In the opening game of the season between the Giants and Braves, Henry Aaron kept waving his arms and shouting so much at first base that he forced Juan Marichal of the Giants into balking home the tying run.

All of this, of course, makes for more interesting baseball, both to play and to watch. But if speed isn't enough to bring a rise in attendance this year, that old standby, the home run, will. In the National League at least we may be in for a record season of slugging. Through the first two weeks there have been 97 home runs, almost a 50% increase over 1962, and no one really knows why. Fred Hutchinson of the Reds claims it has been caused by better weather this year in spring training. Says Hutch, "The hitters got off to a better start. They wanted to hit. In bad weather their hands get sore and they say to hell with it." Bob Kennedy of the Cubs maintains it is caused by the prevailing winds in Wrigley Field, where 22 have been hit, and Gene Mauch of the Phillies says that the batters have just adapted to the strike zone. Mauch says those "prevailing" Chicago winds prevail both ways and that his team lost nine homers in one game there when the winds prevailed in rather than out. "It pertains to something besides hitting and throwing the ball," says San Francisco Manager Alvin Dark, mysteriously, and refuses to explain. Since the Giants have hit 16 homers and the Cubs 17, you can take your choice. END

bunts-for-hits that helped in sweep of Baltimore. Pinch Runner Moore dashes for second as Orioles Siebern (4) and Miller scramble for ball





EVERYONE FOR BACKGAMMON

by **EDWIN SHRAKE**

A crowd of socialites and their friends gather on a resort island to play the game they love best

By the gold watch on the wrist of Prince Alexis Obolensky it was 4:37 p.m., and a few stray members of the Jet Set had gathered in the lobby of the Lucayan Beach Hotel on Grand Bahama Island to watch the finals of the First Annual International Backgammon Tournament. Well, why not? King Simeon of Bulgaria had already gone off someplace, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor had decided to stay in Palm Beach, and there was no cocktail party at the moment. Little Sparrow's steel band had quit playing out by the pool. Wind bent the palms and beat the emerald sea and banged at the glass walls of the hotel. Most of the pool crowd—by now, after three days on the island, tons of roasted flesh—had dressed and padded down the hall in velvet slippers to stand on the gold carpet of the new gambling casino. But a dozen or more had stopped in the lobby to see if Porter Ijams, a Wall Street publisher, could beat Chicago Millionaire Charles Wacker III (of the Wacker Drive family) for the Obolensky Cup, a shining silver trophy, and—at least as important—nearly $8,000 in Calcutta pool and entry fee money.





JET SET KIBITZERS, *fresh from sunning by the pool, loll about the plush lobby of the Lucayan Beach Hotel and watch the semifinal match between Porter Ijams (left) and Nicholas Sargent. Ijams upset Sargent, but lost in finals to smiling Charlie Wacker (above).*

Ijams had reached the finals earlier that afternoon by what amounted to a smashing upset over Nicholas Sargent (né Segaloff), a Rumanian who may be the best backgammon player in the world. The dice ran hot for Ijams, a New York Racquet Club regular who had sold for $600 in the Calcutta pool but who had thought so little of his own chances that he did not even buy a $25 pari-mutuel ticket on himself. Wacker had moved steadily through his five previous matches, never in danger of losing. Ijams was the sentimental favorite among the younger players, particularly after beating Sargent. But Wacker was the betting favorite in the opinion of the tournament's unofficial bookmaker, a 5-foot-6, 267-pound crapshooter named Jelly Wehby, who wore green pants and a green shirt and described himself as looking like an avocado salad.

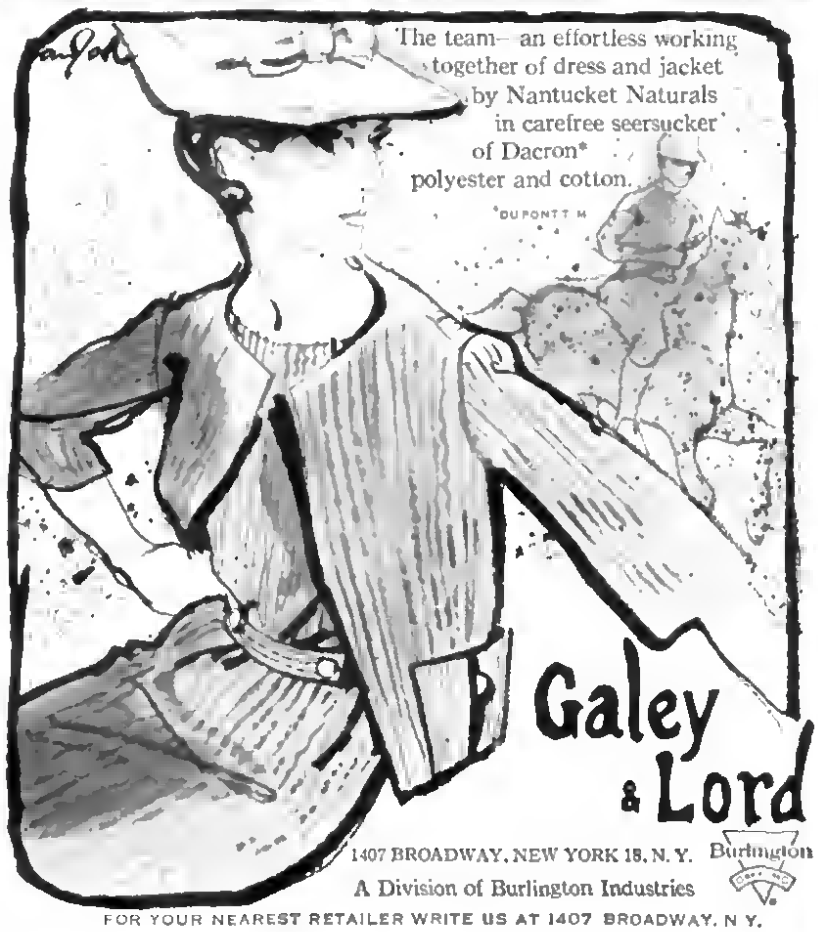
As the assorted barons, counts, princes, Palm Beach socialites and Wall Street brokers gathered around the finals table, Jelly Wehby laughed with a colossal heaving and bellowing. "Backgammon is for idiots and rich people," said Jelly. "I come here to play African golf. But I can tell you two things about backgammon—it's a big gambling game, and don't ever play it with a Syrian or a Turk."

Backgammon is indeed a game in which fortunes are won and lost, mostly in exclusive men's clubs where the stakes are high and the action is fast. It is a game with a history that can be traced back to the pharaohs. In France the game is called trictrac, because of the sound of the tiles on the board. Almost everyone has heard of backgammon but, strangely, very few know how to play it. Most think it is something like cribbage or parchesi, and undoubtedly there are some who think you play it with a racket. Few realize that the other side of a checkerboard is not like the other side of the queen of clubs, the other side of a checkerboard is a backgammon board.

The game is deceptively simple. Children play it. The idea is to move your pieces around the board and back home,

continued





by rolling the dice, before your opponent can do the same with his. Luck is of obvious importance. Where the skill comes in is in knowing the percentages, knowing when to play offense and defense, when to block and when to run. Where the gambling gets big is in the use of the doubling cube—a die that signals the stakes have been doubled. It is rather like a press bet in golf, except that in backgammon you press when you think you are ahead.

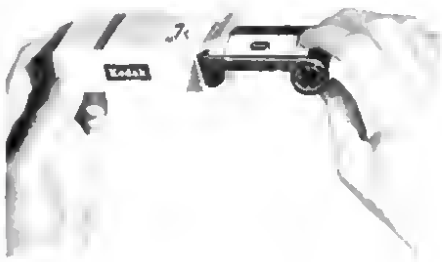
In one of the predawn, nontournament games at Lucaya a prominent New Yorker, playing for $50 a point against several people and with the stakes doubled up to 32 times the original bet, found himself needing to throw doubles with the dice on the last roll or lose $16,000. He threw double deuces and cut his losses to $8,000. A few games later he lost $4,000. He sighed, wrote a fistful of checks, and went to the casino. "The saddest words on land or sea," Jelly Wehby told him, "are deal, dealer, but deal past me." That was hardly any consolation.

Backgammon was the excuse for about 100 of the Jet Setters and the social ramblers to assemble two weeks ago on Grand Bahama Island—a 75-mile-long, 15-mile-wide strip of limestone that sits due east across 76 miles of ink and turquoise water from Palm Beach. The tournament was the idea of Prince Obolensky, a tall, gregarious Russian who sells real estate around Palm Beach, and Bindy Banker, a Wall Street broker.

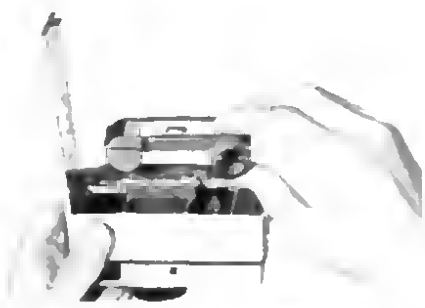
"We were in Obey's [if you are in, that is what you call Prince Obolensky] house in February and I said, look, Obey, we all love to play backgammon and they have a new gambling casino over at Lucaya, so why don't we get up a tournament and also go see the place," said Bindy Banker. The prince agreed. He arranged the tournament with the aid of the Grand Bahama Development Company, which bought 150 backgammon sets from a gaming store in Brooklyn for almost $2,000, including shipping costs. The prince talked some of the game's best players—Teddy Bassett, Michel de Surmont, Count Jose Dorelis, Prince Nicholas Toumanoff, Charlie Wacker and Johnny Crawford, the bridge expert—into flying to Grand Bahama for the tournament, which finally developed 48 contestants. The tournament, or the various other pleasures of the island, also brought in prominent

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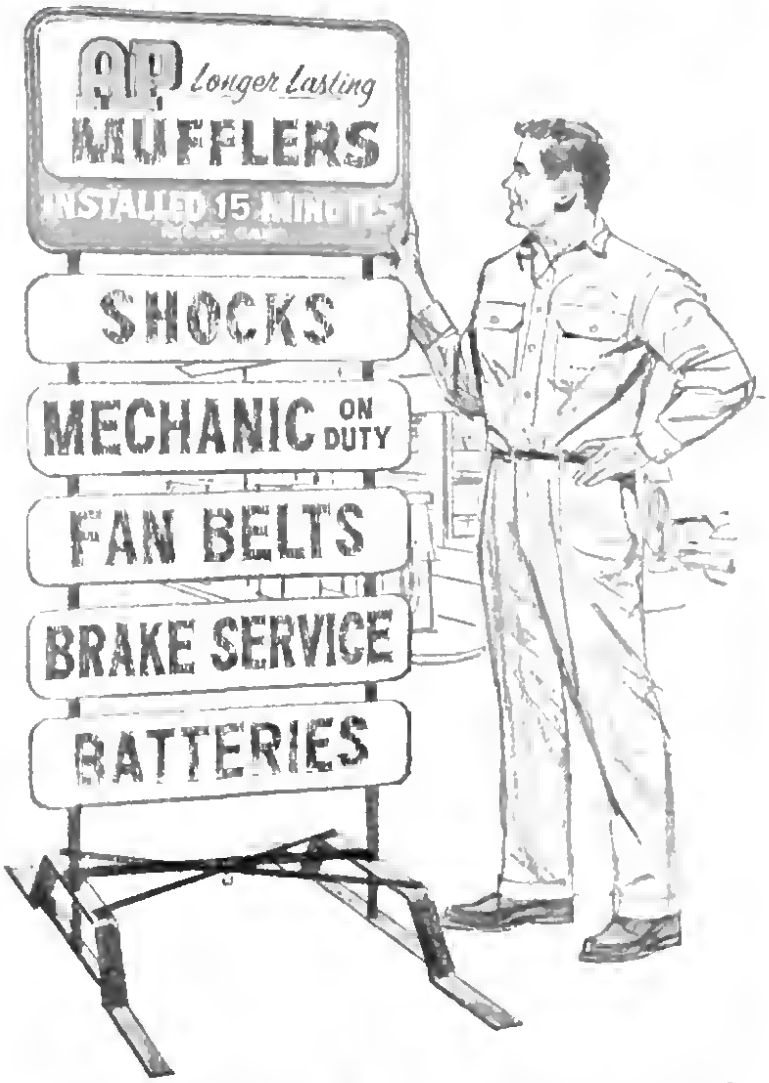
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travelers like Woolworth Donahue, Norman Hickman, Bruce and Gordon Leib, Columbus O'Donnell, Walter Shirley, Horace Schmidlapp and Bogert Tailer.

When they arrived at Grand Bahama they found bulldozers crunching through the pines, palmetto and white sand in a frantic rush of construction. Based on an exclusive 10-year gambling franchise that Canadian Lou Chesler, president of Grand Bahama Development, wangled from the newly independent Bahamian government, the $8.5 million Lucayan Beach Hotel grew up around a luxurious casino where guests play roulette, craps, blackjack or baccarat beneath a chandelier that is a bright flower of crystal and brass. The casino is staffed by pit bosses from Las Vegas or from Batista Havana, but the 62 croupiers are all Europeans trained in London by order of the Bahamian government. Having croupiers with Beatle haircuts and British or Continental accents is meant to keep a European flavor in the islands.

Lucaya is in a duty-free area called Freeport, where the liner *Italia* will be berthed in June and converted into a hotel hard by a $50 million cement plant. Several new hotels are going up, at least one of which will also have a casino operated by Chesler's Bahama Amusements Corporation. Chesler's existing casino is not yet a highly profitable investment. The $33-per-day average rate at the Lucayan Beach Hotel, which Chesler has sold to fellow Canadian Allen Manus, is too high to attract the swarms of small bettors who go to Las Vegas. And the Bahamian government has levied a $280,000 tax against Bahama Amusements, a matter that is being violently debated in the Bahamian Senate.

But the visiting Jet Setters were not concerned with the taxes, and some not with backgammon either. They played golf at the Lucayan Country Club (former U.S. Open Champion Craig Wood is resident pro), where the areas between fairways are like long planter boxes of palmetto and pines. In one of them Writer Jim Bishop's foursome recently lost 48 balls. They had to stop on the 17th hole. Other guests sprawled beside the thatched-roof bar at the Lucayan Beach Hotel's pool, a few yards from the ocean, and listened to Little Sparrow's

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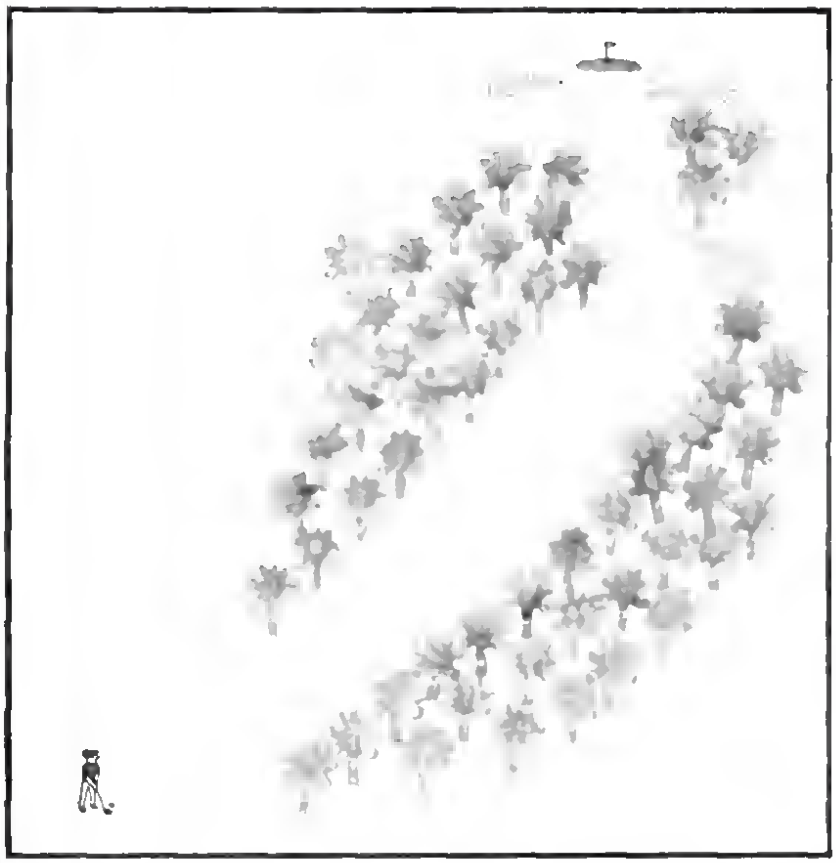
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steel band and sunned in the company of some incredibly beautiful women. Or, dressed in their double-breasted blue blazers, ascots, red slacks and slippers without socks, they wandered through the lobby and glanced at the backgammon on their way to the bars or the crap tables.

On what was supposed to be opening night of the tournament, the Calcutta pool and dinner party, which raised $15,425, lasted until after midnight, so the tournament was put off until the next afternoon. The draw was tough on several of the better players. Nick Sargent met and beat Johnny Crawford in the second round. M. de Surmont lost to Bassett in the third round, and Bassett lost to Sargent in the fourth. That set up the semifinals meeting of Ijams and the craggy-faced, chain-smoking Sargent, who could be called a professional at backgammon. After Ijams beat Sargent his luck seemed to be running high, and he quickly got a lead on Wacker in the finals. But the tide changes swiftly in backgammon, and in two and a half hours of play to 25 points Wacker put out Ijams 26–20. Ijams was not overcome with disappointment. "I was fortunate to beat Sargent," he said. Ijams had been worth $2,468 to the holder of his Calcutta ticket and had collected $705 for his $50 entry fee. Wacker paid off $6,170 for his Calcutta bidder and collected $1,645 from the entry fees. That put them all in the mood for Connie Dinkler's black-tie celebration party, which wound up with a daylight swim and more backgammon for stakes much richer than those of the tournament.

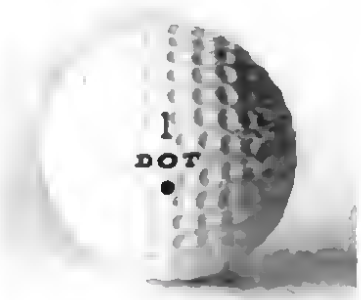
What is the appeal of the game? "It is a game for gentlemen and will last as long as there are gentlemen. It is a game for the Racquet Clubs, though of course not the Racquet Clubs of Miami or Palm Springs," says Mrs. Nina Thompson of Delray Beach. "It is an ancient and exciting game," said Prince Oholensky, who is already planning the Second Annual International Backgammon Tournament.

"I don't know what it is," said Jelly Wehby, who had bounced through the whole affair with the expression of someone watching grown men playing hopscotch. "It looks like what kids do, moving little deals around on that board. But it's got action, and cash passes hands. I guess I better learn it, in case they come down here again." **END**



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JUST OUT FROM UNDER A ROCK

Who is? Well, not many people, although they sometimes are accused of it. But plenty of fascinating life crawls under stones, as this naturalist vividly demonstrates ***by JOHN TERRES***



On that May morning the fragrance of wild honeysuckle floated up out of the swamp. I had walked a wooded slope where birds swarmed in the oaks and maples, and insects and spiders, dazzling in their numbers, were in every green bush. Suddenly I tripped on a stone and knelt down to turn it over. One of my college professors had taught me a long time ago that some of the most fascinating things often lay hidden beneath a rock.

As I lifted the stone, I saw a sudden seething and boiling of tiny black ants. I had uncovered their nest and, as the light fell upon them, each seized a tiny white object in its jaws—a pupa, or unborn ant—and rushed wildly about with it. I had unroofed their fortress, and now they seemed not to care for their own safety, only for that of their unborn young.

These were Tapinoma (*Tapinoma sessile*) ants. I once found a colony of them nesting in the bottom of a bird's nest in a swamp—they are not at all particular about their nesting places. The Tapinoma may have from 2,000 to 5,000 individuals in each of its colonies (some species have only a few hundred). It nests from sea level to the highest mountaintops, in the soil, under bark, in places with or without a covering object, and up to 200 females (an unusually large number in an ant colony) may be in the nest.

Tapinoma ants are gentle and inoffensive, and sometimes nest peaceably with other ants, yet they can defend themselves well. I touched one of them and a strong odor, of rancid butter or of overripe coconuts, arose from the nest. Some of the ants had discharged butyric acid from their bodies, a secretion they use when they are attacked. The sticky fluid, squirted on other ants, is usually fatal to the attackers.

It may take months or even years for a rock to settle and accumulate enough moisture to provide a home for the many tiny creatures of the earth. But wherever the rock is—in woods, field or garden—the animals of darkness will find a haven under it.

My garden, like all gardens, is a lovely place. I remember at one time that the flagstone walk there had been merely something to tread upon. Now each stone plays a part in a new game—a kind of animal treasure hunt of mine. Of all the strange animals that live beneath

stones, none fascinates me more than our remarkable sow bugs, or pillbugs. They are slate-gray, about half an inch long, with sharply scalloped edges. Some people call them wood lice, but they are more of the sea than the forest, being related to crabs and lobsters. They resemble armadillos, are clad in a jointed armor of chitin (pronounced *kightin*) and also live under boards and logs where they eat decaying plants and wood. Because of their gill-breathing organs, which must be kept moist, they live mostly in damp places.

Under my flagstones I sometimes find them in the hot dryness of summer, drawn together in groups. In their desperate need, they have learned that closely huddled together like honeybees and earthworms they can conserve their precious moisture. Bunched, either in winter or summer, their respiration rate is lowered—which helps lessen the harsh effects of temperature changes. When they can touch each other they keep quiet and thus economize their bodily energy.

Like the kangaroo of Australia and our own American opossum, the young of sow bugs develop in a brood pouch, or marsupium, on the underside of the female's body. When they emerge they look exactly like their parents. And, like opossums, they feign death by curling up in a tight ball.

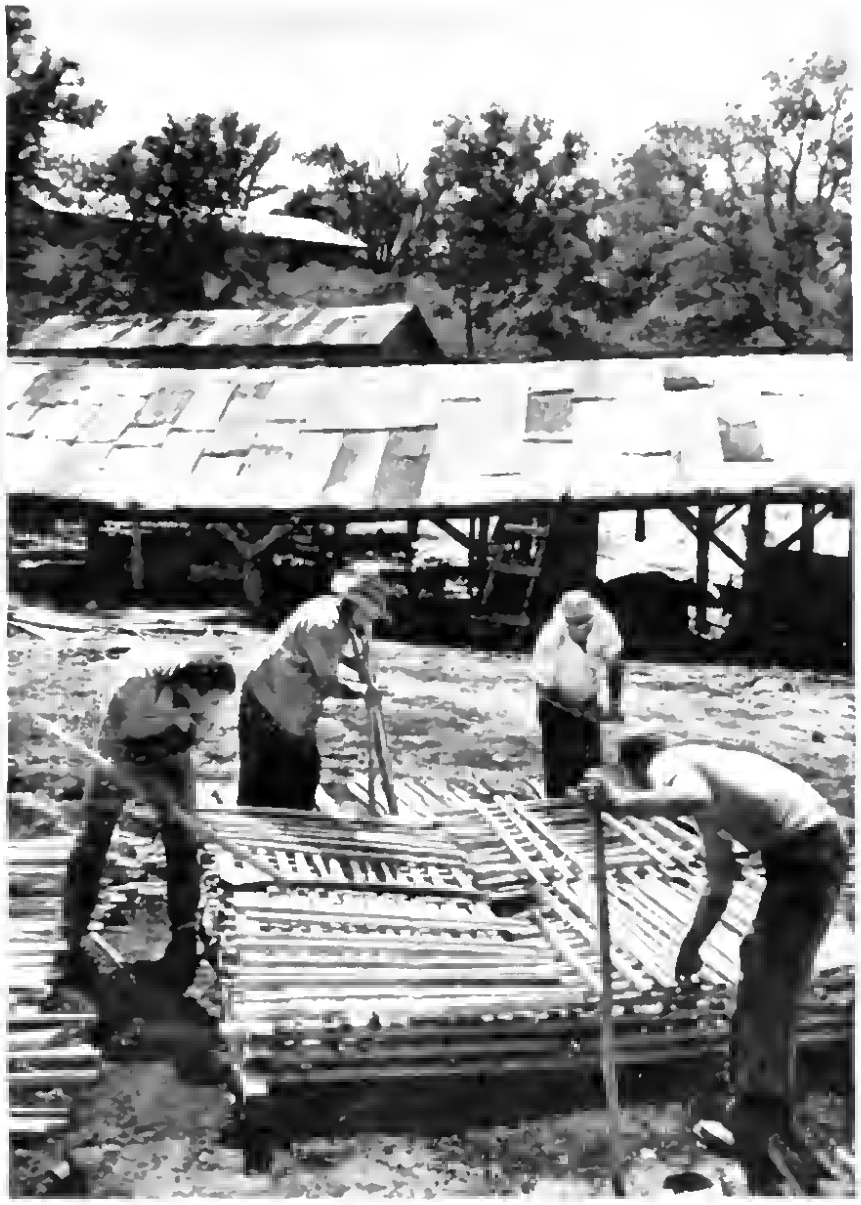
About 35 years ago a naturalist in Chicago discovered that in autumn some sow bugs travel deep into the earth in tunnels of mound-building ants and hibernate with them in their nests.

One of our neighbors, who had no sheltering stones or pieces of wood lying in his garden, became fascinated by the story of our sow bugs and how they live. I told him of the 52 kinds that had been described by scientists in North America. Of these, nine species had never been seen again after their original capture and description many years ago. Then I showed him how to capture sow bugs by digging a circular hole or tunnel in a raw potato. He buried it in the dead leaves under his dogwood tree and next morning had caught 36.

Sometimes there can be danger, too, in turning over stones. Flat stones, tight to the earth, are usually safe to lift, but one must be careful of stones that have their upper parts well above the ground.

One day, not long after I had uncovered snails courting in my garden, I was walking in a rock-strewn woodland with

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a friend. In my path lay a stone with one edge projecting about two inches above the ground, like a small sheltering roof. I leaned forward and reached for the edge to raise it. My friend shouted a warning. I drew my hand swiftly away and then saw a poisonous copperhead snake lying under the edge of the stone. It did not strike, and no doubt was waiting there for mice that often find shelter in such places. After that I always carried a hafing hook with which I could reach out and raise stones of this kind without exposing my bare hand.

Of all the animals in our garden that live in perpetual darkness, I think the millipedes under our flagstones have the queerest adaptations to life. Like large, reddish, many-legged worms, millipedes creep about on their nine, or up to 200, pairs of legs, feeding on dead leaves and humus. When I pick them up, their defensive glands give off a reddish or orange-colored fluid of deadly power. One day I confined some insects in a closed empty jar with a millipede. They died within a few seconds. So strong is this fluid that some animals refuse to eat millipedes. Chemists have analyzed it as largely prussic acid, a hydrocyanide, which is also highly poisonous as a gas.

Early in the 1940s, a scientist in California tested the deadliness of the millipede's "poison gas." He put a skink (a kind of lizard) and an alligator lizard in separate airtight jars, each with two millipedes. Within three hours the skink was dead; the tougher alligator lizard died after 24 hours.

Centipedes, which move much faster than millipedes, are under the flagstones, too. They resemble millipedes, but have fewer legs (only one pair instead of two to each body segment) and two poison claws alongside the head with which they pierce their victims—snails, slugs and earthworms.

One night I went out into my garden with a flashlight and caught several centipedes. I put them in a glass jar and discovered that they ran about ceaselessly. But if I put a piece of transparent glass tubing in the jar, they entered it at once and became quiet. Centipedes must have some solid object touching their bodies on two sides to stop them from running.

Many years ago a German scientist gave this action the name thigmotropic, and it has great survival value for centipedes. It keeps them seeking cover, which protects them from many of their enemies, and when under cover their bodies do not dry out. Some centipedes, if kept without moisture, will die within a few hours.

When I was a boy I found that salamanders—smooth-skinned, lizardlike animals—also live under stones. They are harmless, elfin creatures of the night, whose small faces seem fixed in a grim, perpetual smile. During the day, turn over a stone in the woods or at the water's edge and you may find one, possibly brooding on a clutch of its eggs. The raccoons know where to find them.

One June day in 1935, near Indiana, Pa., I helped a Pittsburgh scientist collect the unprecedented number of nine salamanders of a kind which, up to that time, no one knew much about. These were Wehrle's salamanders, named for "Uncle Dick" Wehrle, the naturalist who collected the first ones ever known to science. We found them under flat rocks on a wooded hillside above a creek. So restricted was the daytime home of this salamander at that season *that we might not have found them anywhere* else but under stones. As far as I know, the courting, mating and egg-laying habits of the Wehrle salamander are still a mystery.

Animals often have an acute sense of where it is safest to bear their young. One hot August day I lifted a partly raised stone in an old abandoned pasture. On the cool ground beneath it lay a female ribbon snake, about 24 inches long. She had already given birth to six young ones—she may have up to about 17. Although the majority of snakes lay eggs, the harmless ribbon snake, like the dangerous rattlesnake and copperhead, bears its young live.

Some of the baby ribbon snakes were still coiled within the thin, transparent membrane in which each one leaves its mother's body; a few had broken out and were lying by her side. The mother snake remained motionless, as though waiting to see what I might do. Slowly I lowered the stone, taking care not to pin her under it, and walked away leaving her in peace with her new family.

A collector of frogs (he was a scientist) once told me an intriguing story about a ribbon snake. One summer's day he raised a stone near a pond, and a young pickerel frog leaped out from under it. The frog had hopped only a few feet

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down the slope toward water when a ribbon snake, hidden in the grass, struck at it. The snake gripped the frog in its jaws only for an instant. Then it dropped it and frantically rubbed the sides of its head on the ground. Pickerel frogs, when seized, exude in self-defense a poisonous secretion from their skin, just as toads do. Though snakes may be bothered by it, herons, egrets, bitterns and other birds that eat frogs and toads seem not to mind it at all.

One hot July day I raised a loose stone from the top of my garden wall and discovered a 10-inch-long DeKay's snake swallowing an earthworm. It was then that I began to see that life under stones is attractive to animals for other reasons than shelter. Some come to the cool earth beneath rocks for life-giving moisture; others come to court, to lay eggs or to bear their young. Still others come to prey on the inhabitants, just as the centipedes do that live there.

Despite the bulk and weight of stones, certain small predatory creatures have learned to undermine them. As voracious as the tiny centipedes are the small, mouselike shrews that burrow under stones to gorge themselves on sow bugs, snails, slugs and earthworms. The shrews have discovered that aggregations of animals under stones are an easily tapped, abundant food supply. They cannot lift the stone as a raccoon, a bear or a man can, but they can tunnel under it.

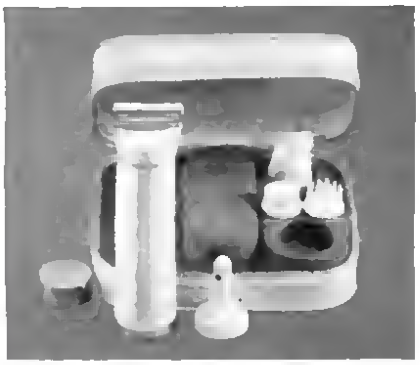
One spring day, just after a thunder shower, I walked into the yard of an abandoned farm in upstate New York. The old house had gaping holes in its walls where windows had been, and the swinging doors creaked dismally in the wind. The yard had grown up to tall weeds and grass, which almost covered several flat stones that lay about. I lifted one of them and under it saw the open burrow of some small animal. Then, in a side chamber off the main tunnel, I found the discarded shells of more than two dozen snails. The empty shells were packed close together in the chamber. What animal had put them there?

Later I returned with two small cage traps, which I set in the tunnel. Within two days I had caught a pair of short-tailed shrews. They were the builders of the tunnel, the tidy housekeepers who were careful not to obstruct their travel way with empty snails' shells. I released the shrews in their tunnel, then set the stone over it just as I had found it.

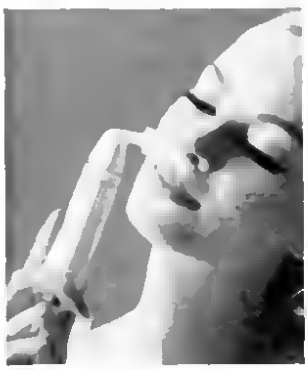
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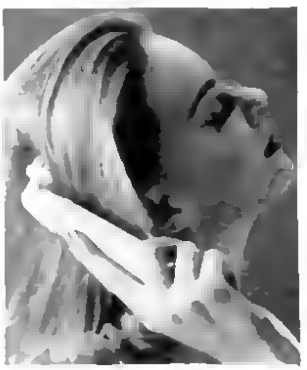
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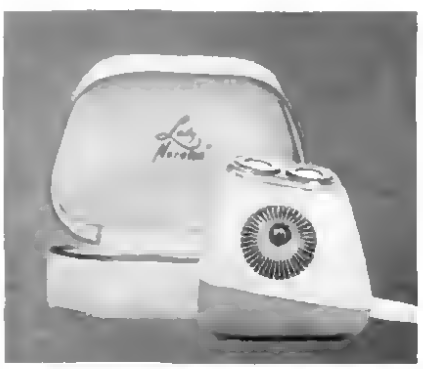
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Top: The CASUAL, *62605: black calf plain toe, 2 eyelet blucher, driftwood, 63613; old salt, 65602. Bottom: The* CASUAL, *62604, black calf rolled-front blucher; driftwood, 63612; desert gold, 64601; old salt, 65601.*

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Even more remarkable was the opportunism of two moles I heard about in West Virginia. One summer day a naturalist from Morgantown noticed a dozen dark-brown *Polistes*, or ringed wasps, flying about over a small flat stone in a meadow. When the naturalist walked up to the stone, the wasps made no attempt to sting him. They merely continued to circle about over the stone as though they were dazed.

The naturalist noted that fresh earth protruded from the edge of the stone. He stooped, turned the rock over and found on its undersurface the flat, comblike nest of the wasps. It was partly crushed, and all of the young grublike wasps in the cells had been neatly removed. A mole had dug its tunnel under the stone. Then, to avoid being stung by the adult wasps, it had pushed fine earth against the comb until it had crushed the adult wasps in the nest. After that it had feasted on the helpless young wasps.

Another West Virginia mole showed even more ingenuity in its food-getting. While going about his rounds the chief game protector of Morgan County discovered a large gray paper hornet's nest. The football-shaped nest was attached so low to the branch of a bush that its pointed lower end and entrance hole were only a few inches above the ground.

A few days later, while passing the hornets' nest, the game protector noticed that a mound of earth had been pushed up under it from the ground. The fresh earth surrounded and covered the lower third of the nest. The hornets had disappeared.

When the game protector tore open the nest, he found the interior of it packed with earth. A small hole, or burrow, in the chimney of soil led straight up the center to the comb inside the nest. All of the young grublike hornets had been snatched from the cells. Again, a clever mole had thwarted the hard-stinging adults by blocking them out of their home, and then had devoured their helpless young.

A naturalist can see the marvelous mystery in the lives of such lowly things as centipedes and salamanders, snakes, shrews and moles. In wonderment he can contrast their remarkable adaptations to life with his own, and is sure in the knowledge that no matter where he looks, a new mystery awaits him. **END**



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Drawings by ROBERT HANDVILLE

PART II
LET ME HELP YOUR GAME

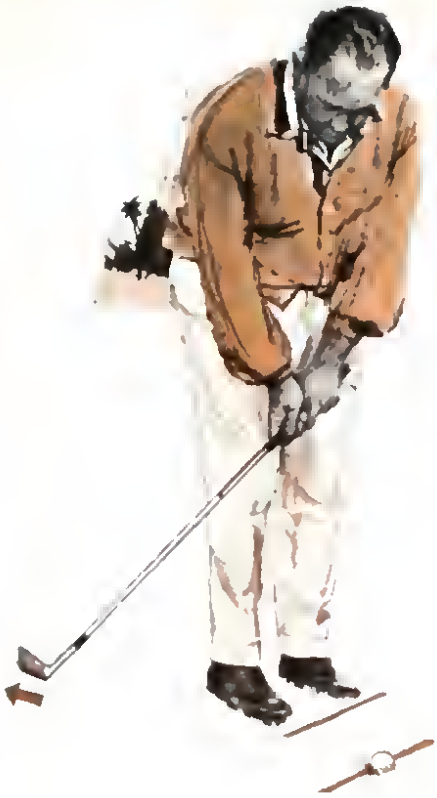
BY CLAUDE HARMON WITH ALFRED WRIGHT

LITTLE ONES THAT MATTER THE MOST

One of golf's great teachers—and a man especially renowned for his technique in sand—Claude Harmon uses this final installment of his instructional series to explain how those short shots that seem so hard can be the easiest of all

We all know golfers who are men of poise and polish off a tee, who hit their four-irons firm and their seven-irons crisp and high. And then, when faced with a shot that is a mere 30 yards or less from the green, they go into a shaky-kneed funk that makes a shambles of their score. "I just can't hit the short shots," they'll say. "It's a different game around the green." A majority of golfers share this attitude to some degree, and they are wrong. The short game is *not* different; the basic ingredients of the swing for the short shot and the long shot are exactly the same. You can even think of the short-shot swing as nothing but the bottom part of the drive. The hand action is the same. Thus not only is the swing your friendly old familiar one, though shorter, but you can also put backspin or overspin on the ball as you choose, by making changes in your grip and stance exactly as I told you to do with the drive in Part I. The ball is still played off the inside of the left foot, just as with the drive but, in keeping with the shorter arc of the swing, the right foot is moved much closer to the left. On the normal approach there is one thing to do before swinging at all. Since it is best to let the ball roll on the green as far as possible, pick a spot about eight feet into the green for the ball to land on. Now pretend you are going to just toss the ball into the hole. Decide how low you would have to throw it to make it hit the spot you have selected and roll to the hole, then use a club that will give the ball the same trajectory which you envisioned.

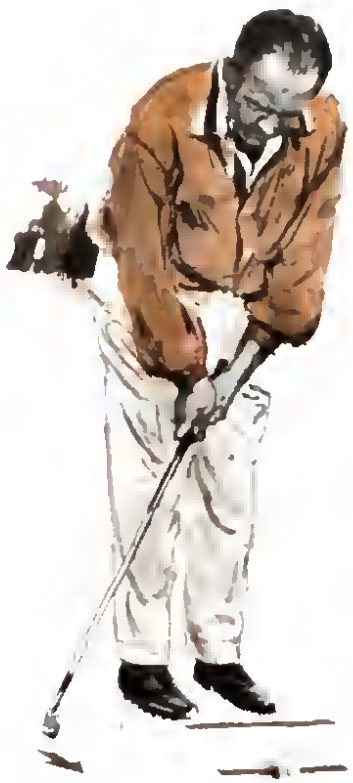
CONTINUED



HIGH SHOTS and most backspin come from weak grip, open stance and open club face. Club head parallels a line from toe to toe.

A SWING FOR EVERY OCCASION

When pitching and chipping, the flight of the ball and the length of the roll are governed by the grip you use and the stance you take when you address the ball. In the majority of cases you will want to use the normal, three-knuckle grip, with the club head moving squarely away from and then into the ball. Any deviations from this are for unusual circumstances, and the more accustomed you get to the square stance and normal grip, the better you will be able to take advantage of the closed or open club face when circumstances demand a change. In the previous installment you saw how the weak grip and the open stance produced a *fade* or a *slice* when you hit the full shot. With the short shot, the same grip and stance serve to pop the ball into the air with the maximum trajectory that a given club can produce. The ball will also have the maximum amount of backspin. When you assume this open stance, you will find that your hands are well behind the ball, almost over your right knee. Conversely, the strong grip and the closed stance, with the hands almost over the left knee at address, will give the ball overspin, thus providing the most roll. On this page you can see how changing your grip and stance changes the way the club head comes into the ball. On the next page are three important things to remember about all short shots.



LOW SHOTS and longer roll are the result of a closed club face (*left*). Use a hooker's grip, a closed stance and swing inside out.

NORMAL SHOTS come when club face is square to ball. The grip is same as in normal long shot, and ball will have little spin.



BACKSWING LENGTH is what governs how far the shot goes—the briefer the backswing, the shorter the shot. To keep follow-through smooth, think of the club head as a pendulum (*right*). Swing as far forward as you swung back.





TENSION on short shots can be relieved by starting the backswing (*left*) with the turn of the left shoulder. This prevents jerking the club back and tends to keep the club head close to ground, reducing the chances of stubbing the shot.



WEIGHT TO THE LEFT is a cardinal rule on the short shot. The shoulders make the same turn as on the long shot, and the hips slide forward the same way to start the downswing, hut the weight must remain forward throughout.

CONTINUED

A BLAST THAT BUILDS CONFIDENCE

Hitting the ball out of the sand frightens more golfers unnecessarily than any other shot—but why? The sand shot is far easier than a lot of pitch and chip shots off perfectly good turf. By learning to hit the sand shot properly you can not only save yourself a great deal of grief, but you can gain a fine psychological advantage over an opponent who is counting on winning a hole because you are in a trap. That is why the shot is one of my favorites. It has enabled me to win dozens of big matches—some of them in very important tournaments. Essentially, the sand shot is the same as the short pitch shot with the open club face that we discussed on the previous pages. The main difference is that when you hit the sand shot you are not trying to hit the ball. Your object is to throw a lot of sand out of the bunker and have the ball fly with the sand. The face of the club never touches the ball. You can almost always take a lot more sand than you think. Most mistakes in a bunker are made by hitting too close to the ball and either striking it with the club head, sending it over the green, or else skulling it into the bank in front of you.

Picture to yourself a strip of sand eight inches long—four inches behind the ball and four inches in front of it. Now plan to swing the club in such a way that you are going to throw that entire eight-inch strip of sand up in the air and well ahead of you. If you fail to follow through, the sand will not move; if you do follow through, it will fly, and the ball will fly with it. As the ball drops on the green it will have good backspin and stop fairly quickly. Keeping this general theory of the shot in mind, you should also follow these rules:

1) Test the texture of the sand by digging your feet into it when assuming your stance. The heavier the sand, the harder you must swing to move out that eight-inch strip.

2) When you have a slightly buried lie in hard sand, use the pitching wedge rather than the sand iron; it will cut through the sand more easily.

3) Always break your wrists at the start of the swing. This lifts the club head abruptly and to the outside of the line of flight of the ball. The proper shoulder turn then takes the club around on the inside as the ball is hit. But don't leave the club head outside; it won't take enough sand.

4) The flange on the sand iron is going to prevent the club from digging into the sand unless you mistakenly strike sharply down on the ball as if you were trying to chop wood. So you do not need to worry about going too deep into the sand—unless your swing was an absolute disaster to begin with.

5) Hit the sand shot with confidence. When you do, the ball will almost surely act the way you want it to, but if you do not, your hesitation will lead you to lose control.



OPEN STANCE is a must. The ball is played forward—off left foot—and the plan is to blast eight inches of sand.



FOLLOW-THROUGH must be complete to throw plenty of sand—and ball. Club head travels along toe-to-toe line.



UPHILL IN SAND

Here is a nuisance. If you are ever going to miss a shot in a bunker—and by now you should feel you won't—it is likely to be one from either an uphill or, worse yet, downhill lie. But don't be concerned. The trick is to get the club head moving parallel to the contour of the sand while still executing the shot in the same way you would from a good lie. You can accomplish this by taking a stance that will put your shoulder line parallel to the contour of the sand at the point where the ball rests. The same slanted-shoulder principle applies, by the way, when you are playing shots from an uphill or downhill lie in the fairway.



BURIED IN SAND

This is not an infrequent lie in a bunker, especially on better courses, where the sand is kept loose and is dry, so do not complain when your ball splashes its way into the sand and stays where it lands. It will come out, but you must make an adjustment. Hood the club face, thus creating a digging action. You hit the usual four inches behind the ball, but it is not possible to follow through, because the club is going to dig into the sand and stop. The ball will come out much like a knuckle ball in baseball. It will have virtually no spin, and it is going to roll considerably farther than a shot hit from a good lie, so be sure to allow for this.

CONTINUED



PUTT YOUR OWN WAY—BUT . . .

Putting is the most individual activity in golf. You have probably noticed that you seldom see two golfers who putt exactly alike. Arnold Palmer and Bill Casper, two of the best in tournament golf, appear to putt quite differently from one another, yet each gets marvelous results. The point is that they both follow certain rules about putting that every golfer has to obey to have consistent success. As far as the movement of the club head goes, putting is the same basic stroke as the drive. The face of the putter must be taken back squarely, just as the club is on other shots. The putter must also be taken back low, almost as if you were trying to drag it along the grass. The most common fault in putting is to lift up the head of the putter on the backswing.

The stance and the grip in putting are a matter of individual preference; the important thing is to find a position and grip that are natural and comfortable. There are two fundamental types of grip. With one, you turn your hands more under the shaft of the putter and keep your wrists relatively stiff. The swing is made largely with the shoulders and arms. Among the touring professionals who prefer this stroke are Jack Nicklaus and Phil Rodgers. The wrist putter swings quite differently. He tends to keep his hands on top of the shaft, and he assumes a more upright stance. He moves his arms and shoulders somewhat, particularly on the longer putts, but most of the action of the putter comes from the wrists. Palmer and Dave Marr are two examples of good wrist putters. Whichever style and grip you use, nothing is quite as important in putting as keeping your head and body still. Everyone has an urge to look up after stroking a putt—out of understandable curiosity about the result—but you must not do this until you have completely finished the swing. The minute you look up, your shoulder line necessarily moves forward and you alter the line of the putting stroke.

You have probably noticed that most professionals tap at the ball when they putt, using little or no follow-through. This is especially true on short putts, and it is all right for them to do this because they practice their putting so much. But I believe that the weekend golfer is better off if he lets the head of the putter follow through on the exact line of the putt. One good way to practice this is to drop three or four balls about 12 inches from the hole. As you putt for the hole, let the head of the putter go forward right over the top of the hole, as in the illustration above. Do this for a while, then use the same technique at greater and greater distances. It will give you the sensation of chasing the ball down the projected line and right into the cup—which is just the way you want to feel about your putting, and about your golf in general. **END**



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Look closely. See how the lustrous mohair threads give the cloth frosty highlights. Run your hand over it. Silky soft. Light as a whisper. Gives you a cool, well-dressed feeling.

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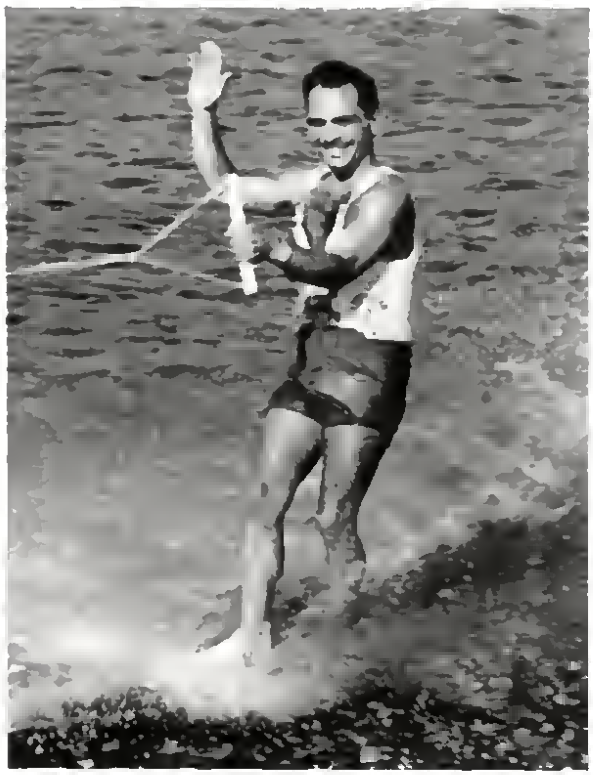
Add a bit of luster to your collection of fine summer suits. Discover mohair by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

"Lady," snapped a fellow pedestrian to the woman stepping off a Park Avenue curb against a red light and the flow of New York traffic, "you're going to get killed if you do that." The woman stopped, looked, then smiled. "I'm sorry. I should know better, Mr. President," she said, after which **Harry S Truman**, an old pro as a city hiker, guided her across.

If there's anything the Hollywood crowd likes better than tennis, it's a good *cause célèbre*. So it didn't really matter too much when, because of local zoning laws, civic authorities refused to let **Pat Boone, James Franciscus, Mrs. Robert Stack, James Garner** and a host of lesser luminaries charge admission for a tennis tournament they were playing for charity at a club owned by **Edie Adams** in Cheviot Hills. The outlawed tennis players just changed their role to pickets and marched up and down the sidewalk in front of the club waving their tennis rackets in protest.

In the U.S. to dedicate his nation's pavilion at the New York World's Fair, Jordan's motor-happy **King Hussein** found time as well to jet to Texas, talk engines with Indy Racer A. J. Foyt at Houston Oilman John W. Mecom's Zapata ranch, inspect a sports car named especially for him, waltz Lady Bird Johnson around a White House ballroom and sample the water skiing (*below*) at Florida's Cypress Gardens.

When Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company's basketball team won its first AAU championship, no one cheered louder than rooter **Victor Holt Jr.**, a onetime All-America and star center on the less successful 1930 Goodyear team. "I hope," crowed Holt at the game's end, "it is a good omen for my new job." His job: president of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.



No one expected it to have much impact politically but, in the hope that it might give a boost to fitness in an Olympic year, Republican Congressmen **Robert T. Stafford** (Vt.), **Donald Rumsfeld** (Ill.) and **Silvio O. Conte** (Mass.) climbed on their bicycles and pumped furiously around Washington's Ellipse in a race against three counterparts from the Democratic side. The G.O.P. legislators won team honors easily, but Rhode Island's Senator **Claiborne Pell** saved the Democrats' face by pellmelling to individual victory over all.

Horrified at the thought of his star's magnificent nose being nicked by a brush-back pitch from some chorine in *Hello, Dolly!*, the producer of Broadway's other big hit musical refused to let Funny Girl **Barbra Streisand** play in the showgirls' weekly softball league. So, barred from Central Park, Barbra decided to play Yankee Stadium instead and bought two season tickets.

Shooting over a field purportedly well scattered with birdseed and other delicacies, former Joint Chiefs Chairman General Nathan F. **Twining**, USA (ret.), Congressman **Robert Sikes** (D., Fla.), Financier **Edward Ball** and Alcoa Veep R. A. **Learnard** went after a nice bag of wild turkey but were not quick enough to elude the Alabama game wardens, who nabbed them for shooting over a "baited field." A pity, but, as Twining's successor, General **Curtis LeMay**, said only last week: "A military commander must always demand physical fitness *and* mental alertness from his men."

For the hostess with the mostes' it's now all bets on the Mets, according to the latest intelligence from Washington. Presumably weary of the lackluster game of politics, **Perle Mesta** has transferred her allegiance to baseball and recently gave a party for all Casey Stengel's boys and their wives. Perle journeys to New York to watch the Mets play "every time I get a chance."

What's a good birthday present for a queen who has everything? Obviously a victory at the track—if she happens to be a turf fan. Or so it seemed to **Queen Elizabeth**'s 4-year-old chestnut gelding, Gold Aura, who romped home first at Epsom to give Her Majesty a surprise purse of $7,260 on her 38th birthday.

"I note from the political columns that you do not choose to run," wrote Democratic Governor **Grant Sawyer** of Nevada to Republican Governor **William Scranton** of Pennsylvania, "but will you join me for a 10-mile walk?" The challenge was issued to help Nevada celebrate its 100th year of statehood, but it had political overtones as well. The loser will be expected to donate $500 to the campaign fund of the winner's favorite candidate for President.



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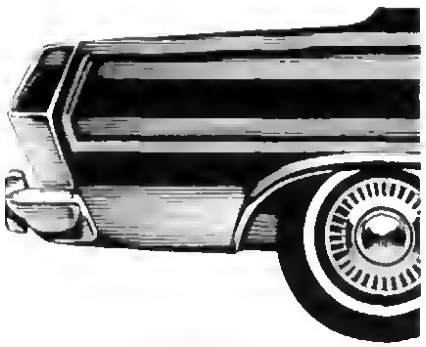
The beauty is, the beauty lasts with special steels in your new car

It used to be that the only time a car really sparkled was while it was in the showroom. Now, you see that sparkle everywhere. The designers are using special steels that keep their good looks. Special body steels have just the right surface texture to hold the better new finishes. Special galvanized steels for rocker panels and underbody parts have extra protection against rust. Special stainless steels for wheel covers and trim stay mirror bright. Special bumper steels have increased strength to resist dents and scratches. When you take a good long look at *your* new car, that gleam in your eye is steel.



USS **United States Steel**

made of modern, dependable Steel



New steels from U. S. Steel keep the '64 cars good-looking longer

New trim stays trim—Have you ever seen a worn out wheel cover? There is no such thing anymore because wheel covers, like so much of the trim on the '64's, are made of USS Stainless Steel. No other metal combines the strength, corrosion resistance, and lasting gleam of stainless steel. It's extremely hard too, so it resists dents and pock marks from flying gravel. For as long as you own a '64, your stainless steel trim will look showroom-new.

Better body steels—Galvanized steel has been around for a long time—in fact it was first made in 1884 by a company that later became part of U. S. Steel. But there was a problem in using this corrosion-resistant steel for painted body parts, because the spangles in the zinc coating showed through the paint.

U. S. Steel solved this problem by developing a special finishing process which eliminates the spangles. These specially finished galvanized sheets can be used side by side with regular body sheets, and when they are painted, you can't tell the difference, yet your car has additional protection against corrosion in those parts where rust used to strike first.

Regular body sheet steels have also been improved. U. S. Steel is using special electronic testing equipment to make sure that body steels are produced to specifications for better finishes.

Brighter, stronger bumpers—Car designers wanted a decorative yet stronger bumper. They got what they wanted with USS PAR-TEN High-Strength Low-Alloy Steel. It's about 40% stronger than normal bumper steel, so it can shrug off the bumps and gravel shots that mar other materials. It also has a special surface that takes a bright, long-lasting chrome coating.

Built to last—You'll hear a lot of praise for the '64 cars. They deserve it. Classic styling. Performance. Road handling. Comfort. And more. They're built to stay in shape years longer with new and improved steels produced by U. S. Steel. United States Steel, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230. USS and PAR-TEN are trademarks.

United States Steel USS

Follow the bouncing ball from Honolulu to Boston

After a seven-month tour that nearly spanned the seasons and the globe, the NBA's road show ended with a dunk by big Bill Russell

Bill Russell was chatting a few hours before Boston was to play San Francisco in the third game of the National Basketball Association finals. He looked down at his watch. It said 5:30, which meant that it was 2:30, because even though he had been in San Francisco for a day, Russell had not set his watch back. Why bother? In the NBA, time is not measured in hours. The season started back in September in Honolulu and Salisbury, Md. There were weeks of exhibitions, then 80 regular games and then for the last *five* weeks, the playoffs. The playoffs carried the NBA into Daylight Saving Time, through 14 days of the baseball season, and could have gone into the month of May were it not for the fact that Boston dispensed with San Francisco in five games.

This sort of thing happens every year. They play all those games from September to May, and it always turns out that the Boston Celtics win. They are now the only professional team in history to win six straight championships. (The Yankees won five, 1949–1953, and the Montreal Canadiens five, 1956–1960.)

"The difference, you know," Russell said, "between all the teams in this league is very slight. All you need is an edge. When the game starts there are 10 guys out there just looking for an edge. That's why one team can win by 20 points and then turn around and get beat by the same team by 20 points—losing the edge." Russell was quite the bearded prophet. After trouncing the Warriors two *in* a row, the Celts got beat by 24. It was their last loss. The Celtics seldom get beat by 24, or beat at all, because they do not have to find an edge. They have a built-in edge named Bill Russell.

Russell played a routinely masterful series against San Francisco—and he had to rise to heights against the Warriors to neutralize Wilt Chamberlain, who was finishing *his* finest year. This was Wilt's first championship. He rebounded magnificently, but it was not often enough that he could work himself in when he got the ball in the pivot. Russell forced him to depend on his fall-away jumper, a shot that takes Chamberlain completely out of the action if he misses. In addition, K. C. Jones helped Russell when he could, pestering Wilt with flailing arms and attempted steals. Russell also had to contend with Warrior Rookie Nate Thurmond, 6 feet 11, an agile giant who complements Wilt and gives the Warriors the equivalent of the two-big-backs backfield with which the Green Bay Packers shocked pro football a couple of years ago.

Still, this awesome San Francisco front-line power could not match the overall Boston depth and aggressive defense, and the intimidating presence of Russell. "He never stops showing you something new," Warrior playmaker Guy Rodgers said after the fourth game. "Once he blocked Wilt's big shot, and then Thurmond got it and Russell came over to the *other side* of the basket and blocked Thurmond's shot, too."

A lot of players have begun to block shots since Russell showed how it can be done, but with most of them it is a desperation move, and if it is successful the ball is merely knocked out-of-bounds. The other team still has the ball and can try to score again. When Russell blocks a shot, he nearly always sends the ball, in the same motion, into the arms of a free teammate. The Celtics then have a four-point play: the opponents have lost two, and Boston has gained two. Five such plays a game and Boston has a 20-point edge.

The fourth was the key playoff game, the first close one and the only one in

continued



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which the home-court advantage was lost. The Warriors regrouped, fought off injuries and came back valiantly in the fifth game, but it was not quite enough. Down 100–92 with 1:55 left, they cut it to 101–99 with 19 seconds to go. Then Tom Heinsohn missed a driving hook, but Russell got the rebound and stuffed away that sixth straight championship.

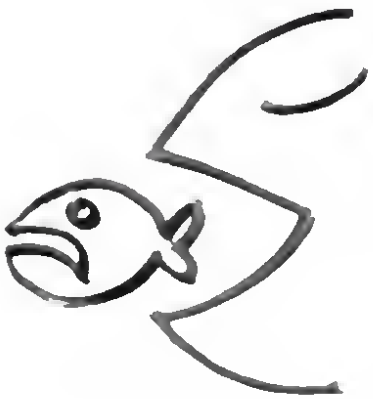
It was a sudden burst of Heinsohn's shooting shenanigans that won the important fourth game, when the Warriors still had a reasonable chance. Until midway in the third quarter, Heinsohn had not had a good series. His shooting was off, and he was definitely bothered by Thurmond, who is four inches taller. Heinsohn is the shooter in a city where the glories of Cousy's passing and Russell's defense are as much a part of the native folklore as the spirit of '76 and the MTA. Heinsohn is known, sometimes affectionately, as "Gunner," and he is easy to spot on the court. He is the guy with his hand up, waving at whoever on his team has the ball—because he wants it. He is, actually, an outstanding offensive rebounder, but his reputation is based strictly on his shooting and his temper. Heinsohn is so intense that he regularly draws technical fouls in team scrimmages. All this is a far cry from the off-court Heinsohn, who is a most genial sort. The NBA players have made him their league representative.

During Heinsohn's shooting lapse in the playoffs, roommate Frank Ramsey had watched him closely from the bench. "You know," Ramsey told him, "from where I was sitting, a couple of times you were driving directly at me, and I could see your eyes. You are watching out for Thurmond and Wilt so much that you hardly even look at the rim before you shoot." Heinsohn was trying to overcome Thurmond's advantage in size with all kinds of hesitation shots to fake him out. "Thurmond doesn't play you so you can feel him," Heinsohn said. "You have to watch him."

But it was not until Heinsohn took Ramsey's advice and looked at his shooting target that he had any success against Thurmond. In the most devastating personal streak of the series, Heinsohn broke open the big game. The Celtics were behind 52–51 when Heinsohn, trailing on a fast break, broke through for a three-point play. He tipped in a basket seconds later, and after Sam Jones stole the

continued

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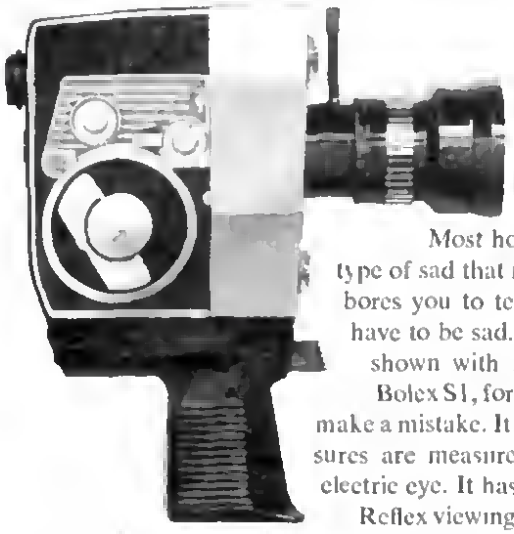
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If you feel the same way, stop in at your local dealer's and ask him to demonstrate the Bolex camera and projector. Once you see what they can do, you'll agree that *home* movies are better than ever.

While you're there, enter the Bolex 150th Anniversary Contest. Trips to Europe are the prizes.

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ball Heinsohn hit a jump shot. Two free throws by K.C. Jones made it 63–55, and then Heinsohn went berserk. Consecutively, he tossed in another jumper, a hook driving down the middle, another hook cutting across and finally a layup on a fast break—the way it had all started. By then it was 71–60 and time for a rest.

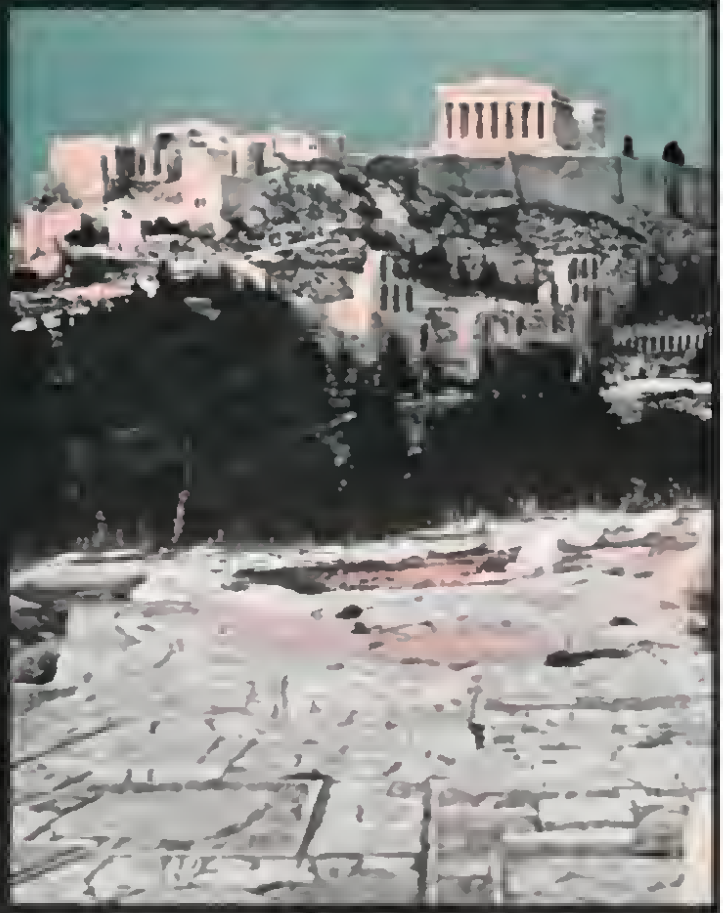
Though they won only one game of five, the Warriors still are the latest of those Teams of The Future that pop up every year as a challenge to the Celtics. "A lot of ball teams have come and gone since we first beat St. Louis in '57," Frank Ramsey said—more in amazement than braggadocio—after it was all over. Ramsey was retiring, just as Cousy did last year, with a picture-book finale. And Ramsey's departure is, in a way, more the end of an era than Cousy's was. Ramsey is the last of the 6-foot-3 forwards. In the playoffs, 6-foot-3 Forward Ramsey guarded 6-foot-11 Forward Thurmond. There will be no more of that. Last year the nine NBA teams drafted six guards on the first round, and let a sleeper like big, rugged Gus Johnson get through to the second. This year no Johnsons will be missed. Muscle, best exemplified by the Warriors' Chamberlain-Thurmond-Tom Meschery front yard, has taken over. Lithe but lean players like Terry Dischinger of Baltimore, who is 6 feet 7 but only 190 pounds, are being shifted to the back court. (Another trend in this same area has begun: the NFL and AFL are also trying to shift the middle-size, fast athletes—into pro football uniforms. The Cowboys drafted ex-Utah State basketball star Cornell Green and the Cleveland Browns have signed Levern Tart of Bradley. A speedy 6-foot-4 man is ideal for pass defense.) One ex-Team of The Future, Los Angeles, has discovered that superb shooting is not enough to win in the NBA, even if it is the Jerry West, Elgin Baylor and Dick Barnett type of shooting. The Lakers, except for those three and Rudy LaRusso, are going to be rebuilt with tall musclemen who can move like Fred Astaire. If they can be found.

A fascinating exception to the new rule is, of all teams, the Boston Celtics. Since Jim Loscutoff started spending most of his time on the bench, the Celtics have had little muscle on the court. They win with the wiry types like the Jones boys, Havlicek and Ramsey. But then, they have Bill Russell. **END**

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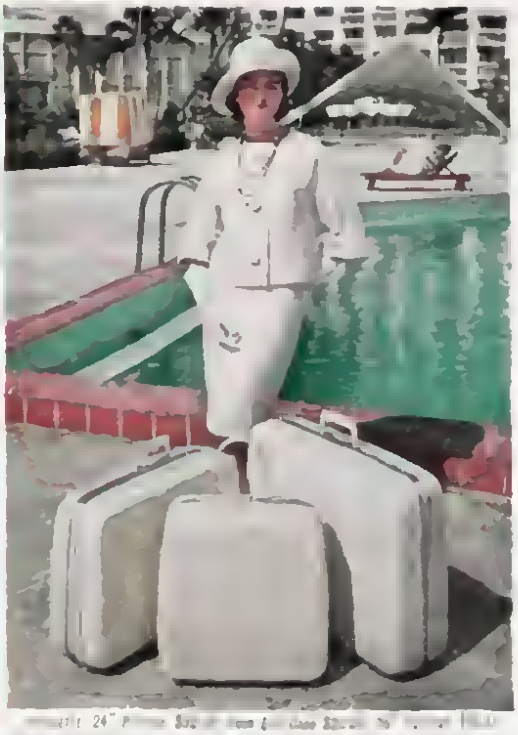
ORANGE BOWL, MIAMI. You'll be whisked away to glittering Miami, Florida where N. Y. Giant star, Frank Gifford and his wife, Maxine will be your hosts. Your air transportation both ways, special seats at the big game, your expenses, a full week end of entertainment, dancing, fishing, parades are on Samsonite

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HOCKEY / *Tom C. Brody*

How do you stop a Red Wing? Shoot

Tha Maple Leafs wara tha batter team, but they could not albow tha aagar Detroiters asida and thay could not skata around tham. All they could do to win a third straight Stanley Cup was scora mora goals

Among the bright red equipment bags outside the Red Wings' dressing room after a hockey game in Toronto last week stood a big, black shipping crate awaiting transportation to Detroit. "What's in that?" asked Red Wing Coach Sid Abel, idly curious. "The Stanley Cup," replied one of the porters. "Holy cow," said Abel, backing off as if he had come face to face with a king cobra. "Get it out of here. We haven't won it yet."

If superstitious Sid was as nervous as a mongoose in the presence of the cup that symbolizes National Hockey League supremacy, it was probably because neither he nor his team had any reasonable right to be so close to it in the first place. "I hope it's Detroit we meet," said Chicago's top-scoring tough guy Bobby Hull before the playoffs began. And he got his wish, only to wish he hadn't. With a collection of very old players, a rambunctious gang of very young ones and the incomparable Gordie Howe—who is always at his best in Stanley Cup play—the Wings simply skated their fool heads off in the preliminary round of the playoffs, disposed of smug Chicago in seven games and came close to doing the very same thing to Toronto in the finals. In the last game they failed to become the second fourth-place team in history to win the cup, but the failure was a glorious one for the defeated Wings and a genuine triumph for the Maple Leafs.

Up to the time they met the Red Wings, the biggest problem faced by Toronto in defending the championship it had won two years in a row seemed to be the Montreal Canadiens—a team that beat the Leafs with clocklike precision during the regular season. But the Leafs that finished third in the standings and the Leafs that came snarling into the playoffs were two different teams. There is a

continued



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strong suspicion around the league that Toronto spent the regular season just warming up for the Stanley Cup.

Coach Punch Imlach moaned and fumed publicly during the season when the Maple Leafs suffered such indignities as an 11-0 loss to the last-place Boston Bruins, but privately Imlach seemed unruffled. "We weren't too concerned," said his assistant, Frank (King) Clancy. "We knew we'd be ready when the playoffs came." Imlach knew what an exhausting fight for a high place in the standings could do to a team. He brought along his players with the tender care of a horse trainer nursing a Derby favorite. After taking on opponents with leisurely grace, winning only often enough to assure themselves a comfortable third-place finish, the Maple Leafs got serious just three weeks before the regular season ended. To strengthen his already well-stocked lines, Imlach talked the New York Rangers into sending Toronto one-time Bruins Captain Don McKenney and Andy Bathgate, one of the truly great players in the NHL. The effect on the Leafs was electrifying.

"Dick Duff and Bob Nevin, the players we gave up," said King Clancy, "were pretty good defensively, but you could take them for granted when they had the puck. But just try taking Bathgate and McKenney for granted and see what happens."

What did happen was a notable increase in Maple Leaf goals. Bathgate tied the league record for assists with 58, and McKenney scored nine goals in 16 games, exactly as many as he had all the rest of the season with New York. Add to these the suddenly improved performances of Center Dave Keon, the finest of hockey's youngsters, and Frank Mahovlich, a brooding wingman who suddenly flashed fire when Imlach moved him to center, and you had a team that disposed of the Canadiens with relative ease and seemed eminently capable of coping with riffraff like the Red Wings. Imlach's chief worry at the start of the final cup series was how to convince his talented players that they could get clobbered by the Detroit team if they loafed.

As for the Red Wings, their strategy was simple: shoot the puck into the Maple Leafs' zone at every opportunity and then harry them into making mistakes, preferably right in front of the goal. For the rest: bump, slash, harass and, when all else fails, bite whatever un-

continued

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fortunate Maple Leaf happens to have the puck.

Imlach planned to counter this anarchy with the same strategy that had helped his team beat the Red Wings eight times in the regular season, hold them to a tie three times and keep Gordie Howe from scoring in 14 games—a feat that could be matched only if one baseball team (say the Red Sox) struck out Mickey Mantle every time he stepped up to bat against it.

"If we skate as hard as the Wings do," Imlach said, "we'll win easy because we have by far the better team."

But skate hard is just what the Maple Leafs did not do in the first two games. They ambled haughtily along the ice, seemingly fearful of working up a sweat. And while Imlach swilled milk to appease his ulcer, the wild-eyed Red Wings went after the Toronto players relentlessly. Leading the fray was Howe, still, at age 36, the best the NHL has, and close behind him were eight young men whose biggest assets are a swashbuckling abandon and the urge to skate full tilt every second they are on the ice.

Typical of the young Red Wings is 23-year-old Larry Jeffrey, who has fallen arches (he rolls a pop bottle endlessly under his bare feet to strengthen them) and the ability to ricochet off goalposts, side boards and opposing players like an uncorked balloon zipping around a New Year's Eve ballroom. Jeffrey has been knocked cold on three occasions this year and has been flattened against the boards by opposing defensemen countless times. But his style is catching. All the young Red Wings, and most of the old ones, seem to have adopted it. Bill Gadsby, for example, is a player who has been employed as a defenseman for 18 seasons in the National Hockey League. His special talent is getting in front of a rapidly approaching puck with whatever part of his anatomy is handiest. "I swear I'll never get in the way of a puck again," Gadsby once said after a slap shot shattered his wrist. But after watching Jeffrey and the other young Red Wings cavort, Gadsby joyfully reentered the line of fire. "I like the life," he said with a toothless smile.

During the last weeks of the season, as it became fashionable for Red Wing players to fling themselves recklessly into the fray, the results became apparent both in the win column (Detroit won more games than any other team the last

continued



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half of the season) and in the hospital. For a while Sid Abel seriously wondered how he was going to get his team through a season, let alone into the Stanley Cup competition. As ankles, backs, cheek bones, hands, knees, legs, toes and wrists were cut, strained, wrenched, chipped, fractured, pulled, bruised and generally maltreated, the training room began to resemble an army field hospital. Abel had to employ 38 different players over the season to keep his team up to full strength. But, though the injuries hindered their progress toward the playoffs, it was the devil-may-care attitude behind them that made the Red Wings too much for the Black Hawks to handle when they got there, and very nearly too much for the Maple Leafs, too.

It was not until the fourth game, when they were trailing two games to one, that the Maple Leafs began to shake their confident pose and play the hockey one would expect of defending champions. Before that game, Imlach took Mahovlich and Bathgate aside and suggested that they stop passing the puck around and start shooting. "You've got the best shots in the league," he reminded the players. "So use them." And at long last the Maple Leafs came alive.

Midway through the third period of the fourth game, Bathgate jumped clear of the puck near Detroit's blue line, poked it past Red Wing Defenseman Marcel Pronovost, passed by the hapless defenseman himself with a quick burst and, just as Imlach suggested earlier, fired. Sawchuk was crouched low in the Detroit net, but Bathgate has just the trick to handle such situations.

"The blade of my stick is curved," he explained afterward. "When I slap a puck from long range it rises and then drops as it reaches the net. That is exactly what happened." The former New Yorker shot from 35 feet out, the puck a rising blur that looked as if it were going to miss the net entirely. But suddenly it dropped straight over the shoulder of a bewildered Sawchuk. "Damndest thing I ever saw," the Detroit goalie said. Soon afterward Mahovlich also disdained a pass, shot and scored. That was the first game in the final series to be won by a margin of more than one goal, and it was the crucial game. The teams split the next two games, thanks largely to the incredible goal-keeping of (first) Sawchuk and (second) Toronto's Johnny Bower.

But the soaring Red Wings, who had flown high above their station, were exhausted. In the seventh game Leaf Defenseman Allan Stanley gave notice of what was to come at the very start of the first period when he slammed frisky young Jeffrey into the boards with a classic display of brute power. After that, the Leafs simply skated away from the drooping Wings for three periods.

After fighting through breathless games marked by close scores and tie-breaking overtime periods, the Maple Leafs won their third straight Stanley Cup with an anticlimactic 4–0 shutout. The Wings were defeated, but they went down with honor. **END**



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When Announcer Vin Scully (left) came to Los Angeles with the transplanted Brooklyn Dodgers, he was a stranger in alien corn. But in the six years since, he has become as much a part of southern California as the freeways (right), whose radio-listening drivers form a huge part of his audience

by ROBERT CREAMER

THE TRANSISTOR KID

Give a word-association test to a baseball fan from Omaha or Memphis or Philadelphia and suddenly throw in the phrase "Los Angeles Dodgers" and almost certainly the answer will be "Sandy Koufax" or "Maury Wills" or "Don Drysdale" or even "Walter O'Malley" or "Chavez Ravine."

Give the same test to a fan from Los Angeles and the odds are good that the answer will be "Vin Scully."

Scully is the tall, slim, red-haired native of New York City who has been broadcasting Los Angeles Dodger games ever since there has been a team called the Los Angeles Dodgers and who, for eight seasons before that, did the play-by-play of Dodger games back in Brooklyn. This year, at 36, he is in his 15th season of broadcasting major league games, a statistic that is bound to startle anyone who ever heard Red Barber turn the mike over to Scully in the old Ebbets Field days with a cheery, "O.K., young fella. It's all yours."

In the six years that he has been in California, Scully has become as much a part of the Los Angeles scene as the freeways and the smog. His voice reporting the play-by-play action of the 162 games the Dodgers play during the regular season, plus the few dozen extra in spring training, plus playoff games (the Dodgers have been in two post-season playoffs in six years), plus World Series games, floods southern California from March until October. He is seen as well as heard on television a few times a year (the Dodgers usually telecast only the nine games the team plays against the Giants in San Francisco). "Everybody" probably is not a mathematically precise description of the number of people who listen to Scully's broadcasts, but it is close enough. When a game is on the air the physical presence of his voice is overwhelming. His pleasantly nasal baritone comes out of radios on the back counters of orange juice stands, from transistors held by people sitting under trees, in barber shops and bars, and from cars everywhere—parked cars, cars waiting for red lights to turn green, cars passing you at 65 on the freeways, cars edging along next to you in rush-hour traffic jams.

Even during the off season, when baseball is wrapped up and put away until spring, Scully's personality infiltrates Los Angeles. He does a 15-minute afternoon sport show five days a week, and he is a frequent guest on television. This past winter he was a regular irregular on a TV panel show called *First Impression*; he was on for a

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couple of weeks, off for a couple of weeks. Because of his appearances on *First Impression* he is becoming a familiar TV face and personality as well as a radio voice, and several people have approached him with ideas for new TV programs that would use him as master of ceremonies.

Vin Scully's voice is better known to most Los Angelenos than their next-door neighbor's is. He has become a celebrity. He is stared at in the street. Kids hound him for autographs. Out-of-town visitors at ball games in Dodger Stadium have Scully pointed out to them—as though he were the Empire State Building—as he sits in his broadcasting booth describing a game, his left hand lightly touching his temple in a characteristic pose that his followers dote on and which, for them, has come to be his trademark.

Baseball broadcasts are popular in all major league cities, but in Los Angeles they are as vital as orange juice. For one thing, the Dodgers have been an eminently successful and colorful club in their six seasons in Los Angeles (two pennants and a tie for a third, two world championships, a Maury Wills stealing 104 bases, a Sandy Koufax winning 25 games). For a second, the Los Angeles metropolitan area is huge (6 million people in the 1960 census, the biggest in the country after New York). For a third, because of a minimum of efficient public transportation, practically everybody drives to and from work and, for that matter, to and from everywhere, and in almost every car there is a radio and every radio is always on. When a home-rushing driver bogs down in a classic freeway traffic jam, he finds that nothing else is as soothing as Vin Scully's voice describing the opening innings of a Dodger night game just getting under way a few thousand miles and three time zones to the east. This time difference has been a key factor in the growth of Scully's audience. A man who drives home from work listening to an exciting game is not about to abandon it when he reaches his house. As a result, millions of southern Californians have Vin Scully with their supper.

But it is not just the happy timing of road games that endears Scully to his audience. He appeals to them when the Dodgers are home, too. In fact, he holds his listeners when they come to the ball park to see games with their own eyes. When the Dodgers are playing at home and Dodger Stadium is packed to the top row of the fifth tier with spectators, it seems sometimes as though every member of the crowd is carrying a transistor radio and is listening to Scully tell him about the game he is watching. Taking radios to ball parks to listen to the game as you watch it is a fairly common practice, but nowhere is it so pronounced a characteristic as it is in Los Angeles, and has been since 1958, the year the Dodgers left Ebbets Field and moved west. Los Angeles was hungry for major league ball, and though the Dodgers had a dreadful season that first year (they finished seventh), the crowds jammed into Memorial Coliseum, where the team played until Dodger Stadium in Chavez Ravine opened in 1962. Perhaps their unfamiliarity with major leaguers prompted so many fans to bring transistors along at first in order to establish instant identification of the players. But a large percentage brought radios not just to identify players but to learn what they were doing. Scully was talking to an audience that had not been watching baseball. The old minor league teams that Los Angeles and Hollywood had in the Pacific Coast League seldom drew more than a few hundred thousand spectators in their best years. Now a million and a half, two million, two million and a half were pouring into the ball parks. Through Vin Scully they learned the fine points, the subtleties, the in language of the game.

Scully was an instant success, and his hold on his near and remote audiences became extraordinary. The thousands of transistor radios in the stadium add up to substantial volume, and Scully, sitting in the broadcasting booth, can hear his voice coming back at him from the crowd around him. The engineers have to keep close watch on field microphones (the ones designed to pick up the background noise of the crowd) to screen out the feedback. Scully says, "I tell you one thing, it keeps you on your toes. When you know that just about everybody in that ball park is listening to you describe a play that *they're* watching, you'd better call it right. You can't get lazy and catch up with a pitch that you've missed. You can't fake a play that you've called wrong. I guess the thing I'm proudest of is the fact that in six seasons I have never gotten a letter from a fan who had seen a game at the ball park and listened to it at the same time on a transistor telling me that I'd been wrong on a play. I've gotten a few letters telling me to go soak my head, but none that said I described a play inaccurately."

One day in 1960 Scully did something on the spur of the moment that provided extraordinary evidence of his impact on his audience. It was a fairly drab game, and Scully, as is his habit, was filling in the duller moments with stories and anecdotes and revealing flashes of information. He began talking about the umpiring team, one of whom was Frank Secory. Vin leafed through the record books and cited a few bits and things about Secory. He mentioned his age and then did a double take when he noticed the date of Secory's birth. Over the microphone he said, "Well, what do you know about that? Today is Frank Secory's birthday." And because it was a dull game and because he was acutely aware, as always, that most of the people at the game were listening to him on transistors, he said, "Let's have some fun. As soon as the inning is over I'll count to three, and on three everybody yell, 'Happy birthday, Frank!'"

The inning ended. Scully said, "Ready? One, two, three!" And the crowd roared, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, FRANK!" Secory looked up, astounded, and the crowd sat back, bubbling with self-satisfaction.

Early last season a similar incident revealed that Scully had not lost his grip on his listeners. The National League had told its umpires to enforce strictly the balk rule, which provided that with men on base a pitcher had to stop for

continued



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one full second in the course of his windup before throwing the ball to the plate. Many pitchers were violating the rule unintentionally, and the umpires soon made so many balk calls that they sounded like a flock of crows in a cornfield. The league office eventually backed down and everything became serene again, but before that happened one of the real crises of the Great Balk War occurred at Los Angeles during a game between the Dodgers and the Cincinnati Reds. The Reds, the Dodgers and the umpires became embroiled in a loud, long discussion on the question of whether or not a pitcher had stopped for one full second. The argument went on and on, and up in the broadcasting booth Scully was obliged to keep talking. He reviewed the balk rule, the National League's effort to enforce it, the numbers of balks that had been called thus far in league play compared to the number of balks called in previous seasons, and so on. Finally, with the argument still dragging on down below, Scully brought up the obvious but intriguing fact that one second is a surprisingly difficult length of time to judge. He asked his audience if they had ever tried to gauge a second precisely. He said, "Hey, let's try something. I'll get a stopwatch from our engineer . . ." And with thousands of spectators watching him as he sat in the broadcasting booth, he reached up and back and took a watch from the engineer. ". . . I'll push the stopwatch and say, 'One!' and when you think one full second has elapsed you yell, 'Two!' Ready? One!"

There was a momentary pause and then 19,000 voices yelled, "*Two!*" The managers, the umpires, the players, the batboys, the ball boys all stopped and looked around, startled. Scully said into the microphone, "I'm sorry. Only one of you had it right. Let's try it again. One!" And again, a great "*Two!*" roared across Dodger Stadium and out into Chavez Ravine. The ballplayers were staring up at the broadcasting booth, and one of them got on the dugout phone, called the press box and asked, "What the hell is going on?" The crowd, immensely pleased with itself, waited patiently for the argument on the field to end.

In talking about the two incidents recently, Scully said, "You can't do things like that very often. In fact, maybe in doing it twice we have done it enough. The first time, with Frank Sceory, as I was counting one, two, three, I suddenly got the feeling that there wouldn't be a sound, and that I'd be sitting there with a foolish grin and egg all over my face. I felt a great wave of relief when those voices shouted, 'Happy birthday.' Last year, during the balk argument, it seemed a natural thing to do, and the crowd really enjoyed it. I suppose it would work again, but you could get an awful lot of people saying, 'Who does this guy think he is?' "

The loyalty of Scully's listeners, who seem to feel very close to him, and the accuracy with which he reports a game can be traced to his training under Red Barber, the first great baseball announcer and the man who broke Vin into sports broadcasting. In the late 1930s Barber moved from Cincinnati, where he had been doing the Reds' games, to Brooklyn. At Cincinnati, Barber had a relatively small radio audience. At Brooklyn he had the biggest one in America. He created thousands and thousands of new baseball fans in the years when the Dodgers, under Larry MacPhail and Leo Durocher, climbed from the second division to the top of the National League. Barber's homely country expressions, like "rhuharh" and "tearing up the pea patch" and "the cathird seat," entered the language. His influence on metropolitan New York (and despite legends to the contrary, there were more Brooklyn Dodger fans outside that colorful borough than there were in it) was profound. He had the pitchman's gift of getting people on the outskirts of the crowd to come closer. One of his converts in those days was a pleasant middle-aged lady whose

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Scully married Joan Crawford, a model from Massachusetts, before the Dodgers moved west. With their sons, Mike, 4, and Kevin, 5 months, they live in the Brentwood hills west of Hollywood.

interest in baseball before Barber's voice began to sound regularly in her home had been about as intense as her feeling for the problems of Patagonian sheepherders. One Sunday afternoon her two teen-age sons were sprawled in the living room listening to a Dodger game. The other team got a man to first base, but the next batter hit a ground ball to deep short. The ball was thrown to second base in time for the forceout, but the relay on to first was not in time and the batter was safe. As Barber was describing the play, the mother hurried in from the kitchen, carrying a mixing bowl and a spoon and wearing a concerned expression. She cocked her head, heard the end of the play, shrugged and said, "Oh, well. We got the front man."

Barber later developed a tendency to preach to his listeners about certain aspects of the game—his scathing comments on people who would cheer when an umpire got clipped by a foul ball were refined fire and brimstone—but even so he could make the complications of baseball fascinatingly clear to the tyro without irritating the knowledgeable fan. Scully, more relaxed on the air than Barber, is even more successful at doing this. His knowledge of the game is very broad. Counting World Series, playoffs, spring training and regular seasons, he has watched at least 2,500 major league games over the past 14 seasons. That is more than most players ever see, and it is more than a sportswriter would have seen in the same period (since sportswriters get a day or two off each week, whereas announcers do not). Too, Scully devotes a good deal of his spare time to conversation with players and managers, and most of that is spent listening and learning.

Despite his long association with the Dodgers, he never roots on the air. A Scully admirer has said, "If I tune in a game in the middle I can never tell from the tone of Vin's voice whether the Dodgers are ahead or behind. Oh, sometimes I can figure it out from the situation he describes—if the Dodgers have a pinch hitter going up for the pitcher in the fourth inning, say—but I can't tell from his voice. It doesn't get gleeful, it doesn't get dull and flat. I like baseball, and I think he does, too. He tells me what is going on, he tells me things about the game that I want to know."

The fact that Scully does not root for the Dodgers in his broadcasts stems from a decision he made in his first winter in Los Angeles. There was considerable discussion among club officials about the "attitude" that the play-by-play broadcasts should take. Although the broadcasts are sponsored—Union Oil Company holds the rights and usually sells half the commercial time to another advertiser—Vin is an employee of the Dodgers. He is paid about $50,000 a year and is responsible primarily to the club. In 1958 some of the Dodger officials thought that Scully might be wise to adopt an all-out pro-Dodger tone over the air. Such an approach had been considered impossible back in Brooklyn because New York City at that time had three major league teams (Yankees, Giants and Dodgers) and those tuned in to any game always comprised a mixture of adherents of all three clubs. An announcer openly rooting for one team would have quickly alienated a substantial part of his listening audience. But in Los Angeles, the pro-rooting faction contended, the city was all ours! (And would be until the American League Angels came into being in 1961.)

Scully spent weeks pondering the suggestion and finally came to the conclusion that he would be better off following the style he was used to—that is, to be as objective and factual as possible. "It turned out to be one of the luckiest things that ever happened to me," he said recently. "When Los Angeles had minor league baseball the games were broadcast on a frankly partisan basis. The announcer rooted for the teams. But when major league baseball came to Los Angeles and Jerry Doggett and I did the games straight, without rooting, it had a very favorable impact. It was as if the city, without knowing it, had been waiting for this kind of announcing. People were seeing major league baseball for the first time. It was different, and they liked it. When they heard us they assumed that this was the way major league games were broadcast, and they liked that, too. I think they appreciated the compliment—that what they wanted was a factual report, and they didn't have to be told how to root. Another thing, there are a lot of people living here in Los Angeles who come from back East, from the Midwest, from New York, from all over. They were looking forward to seeing the teams they used to follow back home, and they would have resented it if we had knocked those teams in favor of the Dodgers.

"Besides, I had been brought up in that school of announcing. Brooklyn and the Dodgers meant more to Red Barber than to almost anyone, but on the mike he was always objective, always fair. Barber has been the big influence in my life."

Scully was born in New York City and grew up in Washington Heights, at the narrow northern end of Manhattan Island. He went to Fordham Prep, entered Fordham University, took time out for two years in the Navy, returned to Fordham and graduated in 1949. He played some baseball there (he was a good-field no-hit outfielder), but by his senior year Fordham's campus radio station had become Vin's consuming interest. "I remember when I was in grammar school in the 1930s," he says, "when there couldn't have been more than a couple of sports announcers around. I wrote a composition about what I wanted to be when I grew up. I wanted to be an announcer."

He studied speech. (When he was a small boy he and his mother made a long visit to Ireland after his father died, and when they returned Vin had a thick Irish brogue. Yet despite that and despite his New York background, Scully's voice today has no noticeable accent or regional inflections.) Before his graduation from Fordham in 1949 he wrote dozens of letters to radio stations up and down the East Coast, applying for a job. He did not really expect any results from the letters, but to his surprise he landed a summer spot as an announcer with a station in Washington, and there he picked up his first professional experience. That position

continued

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ended when the summer did, and Scully returned to New York. One day he walked into the Columbia Broadcasting System office and asked to speak to Red Barber, who at that time was also sports director of the CBS network. Scully managed to see Barber and they had a pleasant, if brief, chat, but there was no job available and, in fact, Scully did not even fill out an application.

That fall CBS had a Saturday afternoon college football program, which Barber ran, that utilized a roundup broadcast of several games from around the country. Barber, on the air, would contact the announcer at one of the games, get a quick report from him and perhaps a few minutes of play-by-play and then switch to another game. One week the announcer who was supposed to handle the Notre Dame-North Carolina game in Yankee Stadium fell ill at the last minute. Ernie Harwell, who had broadcast Dodger games with Barber, was scheduled to do the Boston University-Maryland game in Boston, but Barber switched him to New York for the Notre Dame-North Carolina game, which was supposed to be the big game of the week. Then Red looked around for someone to take over the game in Boston. No one was available. Every experienced announcer was busy. Barber thought for a while and then said, "Who was that redheaded kid who came in here that day looking for a job? Anybody remember his name? Where was he from? Fordham, wasn't it?"

Barber knew Jack Coffey, director of athletics at Fordham, and phoned him. Coffey instantly recognized the "redheaded kid" as Scully, and put Barber in touch with him. Vin, of course, leaped at the chance, and the next day, Saturday, he was on a train for Boston. It was a cold day, and Scully had packed long underwear and extra sweaters, but on the train he ran into some Fordham men he knew who were on their way to Boston for a game between Fordham and Boston College. They told Scully that there was going to be a party after the game and they invited him to join them when he finished his broadcast. Vin checked into his hotel, decided not to bother with the long johns and the [illegible] so that he would not have to go back to the hotel to change before going on to the party, and went off to his first job wearing a light topcoat.

The Boston University-Maryland game was played at Fenway Park. Scully was directed to the roof of the stadium. There he met his engineer, who had rigged up a table for his equipment and had strung a 60-watt bulb on a pole for illumination, in case light was needed later on. Scully was given a head set, a microphone, a program, 50 yards of cable and the run of the roof.

"Boy, it was cold," Scully said recently, remembering. "There I was with my warm clothes back in the hotel and the wind blowing across that roof. I have never felt so cold in my life. I had assumed that I'd be in a booth—not a heated booth, but anyway a booth. But no, sir. And it turned out to be a terrific game. Harry Agganis was playing for BU, and Maryland had come up with one of those good teams they had—with Ed Modzelewski and those guys. I didn't have any spotters, and I had to identify the players from the program. I'd hear Red Barber's voice say, 'And now up to Vince Scully in Boston. Give us a quick 15-second rundown, Vinny.' I learned radio discipline fast that day. You had to have your facts clear and ready to say anything in 15 seconds; there wasn't time for any floss about the clouds scudding across the cold New England sky or anything like that. I had to say something like, 'Maryland scored in the middle of the first period after a 70-yard drive, mostly on the ground, and leads 7-0, but here in the second period, after an exchange of punts, Boston University has marched across midfield and down to Maryland's 42, where it is now first and 10. Back to Red Barber in New York.'

"What happened then was that all the other games on the roundup that day turned out flat. Notre Dame beat North Carolina 42-7, or something like that, and the other games were just as one-sided, while the game I was doing was getting better and better. I'd finish a 60-second report and say, 'Now back to Red Barber in New York,' and Red would say, 'Right back to you, Vinny.'

continued

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I think we'll stay with you for awhile up there.' So I was doing more and more play-by-play. Whenever Red took it back for a few minutes I'd go over to the engineer's table and cup my hands around the electric light bulb to get them warm. The game ended with Maryland leading 14-13 and Boston on their eight-yard line, I think. It was really a tremendous game. But, oh, I was cold.

"Yet the cold and everything else turned out to be another lucky break. I didn't say anything to Red during the game about the conditions we were working in. I didn't have time, for one thing, but for another I thought it was routine and that I hadn't known about things like roofs because I was inexperienced. And when I got back to New York I was so excited about having had the chance to do the game that I didn't say anything about it then, either. But the Boston University officials wrote a note to CBS apologizing for not having a booth for us and for having to stick us up on the roof. Well, now, this impressed Red—not so much the fact that the conditions were bad but that I hadn't said anything about it, that I hadn't complained, and that I had gotten the job done. He was very pleased. A couple of weeks later he called me up again and said, 'Want to do another game for us?' I said, 'Yes, sir.' He gave me the Yale-Harvard game.

"That winter Ernie Harwell shifted from the Dodgers to the Giants. Ernie had come up to the Dodgers in the first place when Red had gotten ill suddenly in Pittsburgh during a road trip, and when Red got better there were three of them broadcasting, Red, Ernie and Connie Desmond, who had been with Red for years. When Red came back, Ernie more or less made a job for himself, but when he got the chance to go over to the Giants he took it. Now the Dodgers needed someone to take his place. But they didn't want anyone with a great deal of experience. They wanted someone who could handle commercials and fill in for an inning or two now and then. Red suggested me. The agency that handled the advertising had some doubts, but Red got the ball club to let me go to spring training on a trial basis. Then Red called me and asked me if I'd be interested. Oh, boy! Here I was, 22, single, just out of college, and I'm asked if I'd like to go to spring training with the Dodgers!

"I had to go over and be interviewed by Branch Rickey, who was president of the Dodgers then. I spent three hours with him; I remember that because he had lunch brought in. He did most of the talking. He talked about the pitfalls a young man faced. He asked me, 'You married?' I said, 'No, sir.' He said, 'Engaged?' I said, 'No, sir.' He said, 'Go steady?' I said, 'No, sir.' He said, 'Got a girl?' I said, 'Well, no.' He chewed that cigar of his for a minute and then he snapped, 'Get a girl, go steady, get engaged, get married. Best thing in the world for a young man.'"

Scully worked with Barber and Connie Desmond for four seasons. He says, "I don't think anyone has ever been better than Red when he was doing play-by-play every day. He was so thorough. He taught me to get out to the ball park early, to talk to the players and to the managers, to find out why someone was not starting and why somebody else was, to learn as much as you could about the club and the visiting club so that you weren't surprised at anything when it happened. He sometimes treated me like a little boy—the first day I went into the Ebbets Field press box he announced, kiddingly, that they had hired me to carry the bags—but he certainly was good to me."

A significant turning point in Scully's career came at the end of the 1953 season. The Dodgers had won the pennant and would meet the New York Yankees in the World Series, but Red Barber turned down the job of announcing the Series with Mel Allen because of a disagreement with the sponsors concerning his fee. Connie Desmond, the Dodgers' No. 2 announcer, was ill, and the sponsors went to Walter O'Malley, who had succeeded Rickey as president of the Dodgers, to discuss the situation. O'Malley said, "I have nothing to do with how much you pay whom, but I'll tell you this —there better be a Brooklyn announcer on that Series broadcast." The sponsors turned to the youthful Scully and,

continued

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as Vin likes to put it, they said, "Hey, kid. You want to get into the game for nuttin'?"

Then, that winter, Barber switched from the Dodgers to the Yankees in a move that startled New Yorkers only slightly less than Leo Durocher's managerial transfer from the Dodgers to the Giants five years earlier. Desmond was ill and in semiretirement, and Scully was *de facto* the No. 1 Dodger announcer. He was 26 years old.

After the 1957 season came the move to California, the crowds, the transistors, the overwhelming acceptance, the establishment of Scully as a fixture in the Los Angeles scene. "There are some drawbacks," he admits. "The travel is difficult. You're away from home for two and three weeks at a stretch half a dozen times a year. And we have no short trips, except San Francisco, and that's 400 miles away. There are days when I'm sitting in a hotel room in a city 2,000 miles away from my wife and my kids, and I say to myself, what am I doing here? What kind of life is this? I guess everybody does that once in awhile. I've thought of other jobs. I know that I'd enjoy being an MC on a television show, and I think I'd be a good one. But if I did, I'd be in show business, and that's a strange world. You're flying high one year, and the next year you're out in the cold. Baseball is different. For one thing, the people in it are great. And there's a tremendous amount of security for an announcer in baseball."

Scully lives in a house that is a strikingly successful blend of eastern clapboard and California glass, on the side of a hill on a dead-end street ("In Los Angeles we say cul-de-sac," Scully tells his New York friends) in the Brentwood hills. He lives in Brentwood, one of the most attractive sections of Los Angeles, because of another instance of his feeling for luck and opportunity. "When I was in the Navy I was stationed in San Francisco for a time," he says, "and I came down to Los Angeles on liberty to meet a friend of mine who was a marine at Camp Pendleton. We were wandering around Hollywood one Sunday morning when a girl stopped in a car and asked us if we'd like to come to her parents' house for Sunday dinner. We said sure. Can you imagine that? Inviting a couple of strangers off the street for dinner? It was great—nice dinner, nice family, a very nice house. That evening the girl drove us back to Hollywood and dropped us off where she had found us. But I asked her, 'Where were we today? What's it called?' And she said, 'Brentwood.' Well, when we came out here in 1958, Joan and I had been married only a few months. [Scully's wife is a beautiful dark-haired Massachusetts girl who was a model in New York when they met and whose maiden name was Joan Crawford. They have two sons, Mike, 4, and Kevin, who was born last autumn.] We had never had a home. We went to the West Indies on our honeymoon and then on to Vero Beach for spring training. When we reached Los Angeles we started looking for an apartment. The real estate man said, 'Do you have any idea where you want to live?' We looked at each other and then I remembered the Sunday dinner in Brentwood. I said, 'How about Brentwood?' He said fine and he found us a nice apartment and we lived there until Mike came along and then we bought our house. As far as I'm concerned, that's where we're staying from now on. It's only 25 minutes from Dodger Stadium and about the same from the broadcasting studios." He laughed. "We had a pitcher on the Dodgers a few years ago named Danny McDevitt, a little left-hander from New York. He used to shake his head and say, 'Everything in Los Angeles is just 25 minutes away.'

"People from New York ask me if I miss the East. I really don't. I like Los Angeles. When I was in my 20s we moved from Manhattan out to a town in New Jersey, a very pretty town. But the people there sort of resented all the New Yorkers moving out and cluttering up their nice roomy suburb, and I couldn't blame them. Well, that's the way I feel about Los Angeles now. When my New York friends say, 'I don't see how you can live out there,' I nod my head and say, 'You're right, it's terrible, don't move out.' I don't want things to change." **END**

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

NATIONAL LEAGUE As PHILADELPHIA Manager Gene Mauch sees it, his team's rise to first place stems from its 23-game losing streak in 1961. "It welded our club together," Mauch said. However, three players who helped most in winning three of four games last week did not go through the welding process. They were former Tiger Jim Bunning (he shut out the Cubs 10–0) and rookies Richie Allen (.421 BA and three HRs) and John Herrnstein (a game-winning double and .500 BA). LOS ANGELES seemed to be trying a little of the win-by-welding theory itself. The Dodgers (1–5) managed to end a seven-game losing streak but, hampered by an injury list that made it look as though they were fighting a small war, they could do no more. Among the wounded were Pitchers Sandy Koufax (muscle tear in forearm), Johnny Podres (elbow bruise) and Ron Perranoski (injured thigh), plus Outfielder Tommy Davis (strained ligament). MILWAUKEE made the most of the Dodgers' misfortunes, beating them four times. Adding insult to the Dodger injuries was the fact that one of the Braves' wins was by 34-year-old Bob Tiefenauer, who had beaten them just once before in his career, and one was by Warren Spahn, who a few days earlier had been picked up in an after-hours bar in Houston. Milwaukee's only loss was to SAN FRANCISCO, which had gone on a hitting binge (41 runs in four wins) before losing. At the head of the phalanx of hitters were Willie Mays (.632) and Willie McCovey (five homers, three in a row). The man who stymied the Giants was Jim Maloney of CINCINNATI (3–4). He stopped them 3–1. It took a five-hitter by Joe Nuxhall to overcome the Colt .45s 1–0 the night that Ken Johnson pitched his no-hitter against the Reds. HOUSTON did not waste all of its good pitching. Dick Farrell beat the Cardinals twice, and Bob Bruce, sipping medicine between innings to fight off the flu, shut out the Reds with ninth-inning help from Hal Brown. Last year ST. LOUIS (3–3) was the best-hitting team in the majors, a fact hard to believe last week. The Cardinals' seven home runs were impressive, but their .224 BA was not. CHICAGO also had seven homers but allowed nine. That is a sure way to lose ball games—which is just what the Cubs did in three of five tries. They even lost the day they hit five homers. That was against PITTSBURGH (3–2). The Pirates hit four that day, the last a game-winning three-run drive by Gene Freese, a pinch hitter. NEW YORK's Al Jackson had better luck against the Pirates, shutting them out, but the Mets quickly reverted to form, losing three in a row and slipping silently into last place.

AMERICAN LEAGUE Parlaying steady pitching, a flock of hit batsmen and some timely hitting, CLEVELAND (4–0) moved into first place. Successive games were won by Leon Wagner (a two-run, sheep-scattering home run in Kansas City), Woodie Held (hit by a pitch in the ninth) and John Romano (a double in the 16th one day, a triple in the 11th the next). Those last three wins came against LOS ANGELES (1–3). Angel President Bob Reynolds, seeking a new home for his club, talked with officials from Anaheim, Calif. His conclusion: "Forward to Anaheim." Charles O. Finley, KANSAS CITY owner, must keep his team in town for a while and, if he cannot win, at least he plans to have fun. His kind of fun calls for flashing yellow and green lights and blaring horns to celebrate each Kansas City home run. Unfortunately for Finley, his players were not hitting. Donna Axum (Miss America) ran her fingers through Manny Jimenez' hair during the ceremonies before the team's home opener, a gesture that ought to be enough to inspire anyone at least to hit a home run. Anyone but Jimenez, it seems. He hit nothing. Orlando Pena beat the Senators on two hits, then five days later lost to them in 10 innings; during the latter game he was ordered by the umpire to stop blowing bubble gum while pitching. Another Cuban pitcher, Camilo Pascual of MINNESOTA (2–4), had his troubles, too. Pascual dropped a pop-up against the Tigers, permitting the batter, who had already headed for the dugout, to return to first base. That error led to a run and Pascual's defeat. Sharp pitching earned NEW YORK victories in three of four tries, with Pitcher-Coach Whitey Ford shutting out the White Sox for his 200th win. DETROIT (4–2) also got good pitching. Dave Wickersham beat the Twins twice, once with a four-hitter. Mickey Lolich held the Twins to three hits. Frank Lary, however, for the second time in a row was unable to last more than three innings. "Frank will be all right," Manager Charlie Dressen insisted. "Dressen would be optimistic in the electric chair," said a listener. Sitting in front of their lockers on canvas chairs rather than the conventional stools, BALTIMORE players felt relaxed. At the plate they seemed to be almost asleep, getting just six extra-base hits and six runs in four games, three of them losses. Chuck Hinton of WASHINGTON, sometimes accused of being too relaxed during a game, let two runs score as he headed off the field after catching a fly ball for what he mistakenly thought was the third out. Chastised, Hinton promised to "bear down every minute from now on." He hit .333 thereafter and scored from second base on a double play. CHICAGO (3–1) climbed from eighth place to fourth as John Buzhardt beat the Red Sox twice and Juan Pizarro did it once. BOSTON, which scored 10 runs in six games, salvaged two wins when Bill Monbouquette shut out the Yankees and Jack Lamabe beat the Orioles.



KEN JOHNSON: NO HITS BUT NO WIN

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Pitcher Ken Johnson of Houston is a quiet, philosophical man. His idea of having a wild time is to talk in a Donald Duck voice, something he once did during a radio interview. Johnson's record for the past two seasons is 18–33, good for a Houston pitcher, but it might have been better if his team had been able to score a little. A dozen times he lost because his teammates were shut out, but Johnson felt confident the breaks would change. Last week they did, in an uneven sort of way. On the night before he was to have his aching elbow examined by the team physician, Johnson pitched a no-hitter against the Cincinnati Reds in Houston. But Johnson did not win. For the unlucky 13th time, his teammates failed to score, and because of two ninth-inning errors, one his own, Johnson and Houston lost 1–0. Pitchers have lost nine other no-hit games, all in extra innings. Johnson became the first pitcher in the history of baseball to lose a no-hitter in nine innings. His was the ninth no-hitter in the major leagues in less than 24 months and the seventh one in a night game. Fans from all over the country called, many not knowing whether to congratulate or console him. But Johnson, far from feeling discouraged, was almost buoyant: "If I had won the game, people would soon have forgotten all about it. This way they'll talk about it for years." Then, remembering his medical appointment, Johnson told the doctor, "I think we'd better leave my arm as it is."

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL BOSTON crushed San [illegible] 1[illegible] games to one to gain its sixth straight NBA championship (*for page 37*). The Celtics won this second game 124-101, but two nights later Wilt Chamberlain threw in 35 to lead the Warriors to their only victory, 115-91. Also that night Celtics [illegible] they held San Francisco below 100 points twice to take the final two games 98-95 and 105-99.

BOXING Undefeated Lightweight FRANKIE NARVAEZ of New York crumbled his unbeaten streak in 13 with a unanimous 10-round decision over Vicente Deradori of Argentina in New York's Stuyvesant Garden.

HAROLD JOHNSON of Philadelphia, first losing light heavyweight opponent Hank Casey in seven rounds and knocked him out in the eighth with a right-to-the-head smash in Santa Monica, Calif. Light. It was Johnson's 32nd victory in 35 bouts and the first KO suffered by Casey in his 40 appearances.

GOLF Australia's BRUCE CRAMPTON of Essex England, in 1 in for 16th time, 54 holes unexpectedly emerged with a five-under par 65 in the final round to win the $40,000 Texas Open at San Antonio with a 271.

Defending champion MARILYNN SMITH of Encinal, Tex. jumped into the second-round lead after a two-under par 66 and went on to take her second straight LPGA Titleholders Championship with a tournament record 289 for 72 holes on the Augusta (Ga.) Country Club course.

PHYLLIS (Tish) PREUSS, 19, of Bridgeport, Conn., did not lose a single hole in the long round she defeated Mrs. Gordon Dermar of Rochester 4 and 6 for the North and South Women's Amateur Championship at Pinehurst, N.C.

HARNESS RACING Herschel Quillen's 5-year-old ADORAN'S DREAM (58.70) driven by Joe O'Brien streaked up on the rail in the stretch to take the $25,000 Big Big Bird Pace at Roosevelt Raceway by a neck from Overtrick, last year's champion 3-year-old who was making his first start.

HOCKEY TORONTO won the Stanley Cup for the third consecutive year by defeating Detroit four games to three in one of the most closely contested playoffs in NHL history (*for page 34*). The Red Wings took the fifth game 2-1 in a one-game series edge, but the Maple Leafs came back to win the sixth 4-3 in overtime on a goal by Bobby Baun and then overwhelmed the Red Wings 5-1 in the final.

In the American Hockey League the CLEVELAND BARONS who, like the Maple Leafs, had finished third in the season standings (Western Division) defeated all with the Calder Cup, and in the process [illegible] straight playoff games. The Barons [illegible] named the Rochester Americans [illegible] Hershey Bears in three [illegible] in succession from the Eastern [illegible] Quebec Aces to win the Calder [illegible] first time since 1957.

HORSE RACING In their final tune-up races for the Kentucky Derby, E. P. Taylor's NORTHERN DANCER (32-40) ridden by Bill Hartack won the Lady Luck Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, and Rex Ellsworth's MR. BRICK (54-50), guided by Bobby Valenzuela, took the seven-furlong Stepping Stone purse at Chumshill Downs in 1:21⅘, a high mark. The Scoundrel [illegible] *page 26*).

In its first start of the year Mrs. J. Deaver Alexander's SAIDAM (8-40), a 5-year-old chestnut trained by Max Hirsch and ridden by Manuel Ycaza, galloped to a three-length victory over Mongoose in the $82,350 Grey Lag Handicap at Aqueduct, [illegible] the Toronto Gold Flow, eight lengths behind in fifth place. It was the fifth Grey Lag victory for Hirsch. Saidam [illegible] the hardware up his first season. Dinner 1941 and Assault, the 1947 winner, [illegible] also [illegible] the breeder of Hirsch Jacobs's Stymie, who took the race in 1945 and 1946.

Mrs. Mary C. Stephenson's JAY TRUMP became the first horse in 18 years to sweep the Three Year Old Triple Crown when Champion Smith Jr. guided him to a six-length victory in the Belmont mile-2½ [illegible] Maryland Hunt Cup point-to-point race at Glyndon, Md. White Skies, the horse to win the second leg in history to accomplish the feat (Shut N. Dance's Winter did it in 1941 and again in 1946).

TENNIS Davis Cupper FRANK FROEHLING of Coral Gables, Fla. edged Ham Richardson of Dallas 7-5, 6-4 for the men's title at the Dallas Country Club Invitational tournament. Both players had scored upset victories in the semifinals as Froehling beat Ron Emerson 6-4, 6-4 and Richard Gut defeated Chuck McKinley 6-3, 6-2.

TRACK & FIELD For the second year in a row AURELIA VANDENDRIESSCHE, 17, a coal miner's daughter in Wiregem, Belgium, broke school to lead the field in the Boston Marathon. Her winning time for the 26-mile, 385-yard event was 2:49.59. Eino Emil Penttila-Salakka was second in 2:20.48, while Hal Higdon, a Chicago free-lance writer and the U.S. 50-km. record holder, placed fifth in 2:21.55 for the best American finish.

In Walnut, Calif. at the Mount San Antonio Relays [illegible] over New Yorker AL OERTER hurled the [illegible] record-breaking throw in collegiate competition, [illegible] and World Olympian C.K. Yang came from [illegible] and with a 15-foot 9¾-inch pole vault won the decathlon with 8,043 points. A third record-holder, DALLAS LONG, put the shot 61 feet 10¾ inches to take his specialty. At the Drake Relays in Des Moines, 18-year-old Texas A&M freshman RANDY MATSON tossed the shot 64 feet 1 inch to break Long's two-year-old NCAA freshman mark by six inches. GAYLE HOPKINS, a 164-pound Arizona senior, [illegible] covered 26 feet 2 inches to better by ¼ inch Jesse Owens' 1935 mark, the oldest Drake Relays record. Hopkins also sparked 51 feet 8 inches in the triple jump and was named the most outstanding athlete. In Philadelphia VILLANOVA won four of the eight team titles at the Penn Relays to become the third school in the meet's 70-year history to win [illegible] in one relay (Pittsburgh in 1910 and Michigan in 1954 also took four). Villanova's Gary Ve Zwolak and Tony Sullivan each ran in [illegible] the relay. In NCAA Cross Country Champ[illegible] Ed Zdrojak placed on the 3,000-meter steeplechase [illegible] A&M's ROBERT SAWYER [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] sprint, 100-yard dash and 220-yard [illegible] a [illegible] meet-record time of 9.3 and 21.6.

MILEPOSTS DIED: EDDIE DYER, 63, manager of the 1946 World Champion St. Louis Cardinals, after a long illness in Houston. Dyer, a friendly man who was respected by opposing managers for his baseball knowledge and for his players for his humanity, began his 29-year career in the St. Louis organization in 1922 as a left-handed pitcher. His short stay with the Cubs in his first major league stint (1927-1930) was cut short by arm trouble. Dyer became a player-manager in the Cardinal farm system. His batting streak of 308 consecutive games as an outfielder-1[illegible] remains [illegible] league. Manager of the Year in 1942 after leading the Houston Buffs to three Texas League pennants in a row (1939-41), and in his first year as a major league manager Dyer guided the Cardinals to the pennant. Beat the Dodgers in the first National League playoff and defeated the Red Sox in the World Series, four games to three. After the Cards slipped to fifth in 1950, following three consecutive second-place finishes, Dyer retired from baseball to go into business in Houston.

DIED: Cincinnati Strikeout SHUT OUT, 25, who won both the Kentucky Derby and Belmont Stakes in 1345 and earned $417,507 in four seasons of racing. Odd fact: he died in December.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



SHENA THOMSON, 11, of East Norwalk, Conn., who has practiced gymnastics for less than two years, won the all-around title over 49 other girls in her first formal competition—the New England Area YMCA Junior Gymnastics Championships in Belsoke, Mass.



BILLY HARDIN, 21, a Louisiana State senior and the son of Glenn Hardin, three-time U.S. 400-meter hurdles champion and 1936 Olympic gold medalist, followed in his father's footsteps as he took the 440-yard hurdles in a fast 50.8 at the Texas Relays in Austin.



EDDIE SWAIN, 12, an eighth grader who plays guard in the Chester (Pa.) Central Biddy Basketball League, scored 26 points in leading his team to a 61-58 victory over Jersey City for the International Championship and was named Mr. Biddy Basketball of 1964.



ART QUINN JR., 21, of San Rafael, Calif., a senior philosophy major at San Francisco University and a first baseman who leads his team with a .438 average, had two singles and a double, batted in two runs and scored twice in a 7-4 win over St. Mary's College.



MEL MILLER, 16, who lives on a Fairview, Mont. ranch and has boxed since he was 12, won 10 fights in five weeks to gain three AAU championships, the Montana State in Butte, the National Junior in Helena, Mont. and the National Senior in Las Vegas.



MARGARET TILLBERRY, a Springfield, Ohio grandmother, won the women's title in the Ben Pearson indoor archery open in Detroit for the third time with a ladies' tournament record of 1,650 for 32 ends. Only nine men in the field of 942 archers bettered her score.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BELLES ON THEIR TOES

Sirs:

Let the Russian amazons have the Olympics. Dames like "Flamin' Mamie's Bouffant Belles" (April 20) can just stand in the starting blocks and they'll get my vote for first every time. Wow!

EDDIE SMITH

Beaumont, Texas

Sirs:

Mother! Where are my track shoes?

WILLIAM L. MILLS

Philadelphia

Sirs:

When's Sadie Hawkins Day down there?

FREDDIE SALERNO

Milton, Mass.

Sirs:

I'd be willing to bet that the main reason those girls made your cover was because of their "looks." The article and pictures are portrayed unrealistically. To think that a female track star would run in a race with a bracelet on, her hair combed like a movie star and all made up for a beauty contest is absurd. It's not the job of a sports magazine to "make-up" their pictures.

PAT MCGRETHY

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Sirs:

In an Olympic year SPORTS ILLUSTRATED could perform a much greater service to the track and field community than by printing trash like this.

PHILIP R. CONLEY

Palo Alto, Calif.

Sirs:

As a patriotic American in an Olympic year, I would like to volunteer my services as team trainer.

EDDIE STEINBERG

Brookline, Mass.

Sirs:

I don't believe the Olympics have yet produced any medal winners with bouffant hairdos, and I hope the Texas gals will provide a first in that regard, but they won't be the first glamour gals in the Games. A Tennessee belle named Wilma Rudolph beat them to it.

BILL ELSEN

Nashville, Tenn.

Sirs:

As a track man and track fan I find little consolation in the prospect of our women finishing a beautiful *last* in Tokyo.

SKIP STOLTZ

Aurora, Ill.

Sirs:

Is the gal in the middle balancing an octopus on her head or is it a giant spider? Whatever it is have her keep it, send her to Tokyo, glue it on real tight and have her go head first into the tape. She should hit 100 yards in nine seconds flat!

HENRY F. MORTIMER

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Now that we've seen those hairdos on the starting line, how about a shot of them in mid-race?

MICHAEL REGAN

New York City

● Here they are at the start of the last leg of a 440-yard relay at Kansas (*below*) as pool-coiled Paula Walter passed off to Anchor Belle Sue Schexnayder, who won the race.—ED.



STOOPS TO CONQUER

Sirs:

Gilbert Rogin's piece, (*Confessions of a Stoop Ball Champion*, April 20) was exceedingly reminiscent and splendidly done. It reminded me of an incident in the days before the Giants left New York but played exhibition games in Los Angeles during spring training. At a party that Manager Leo Durocher gave there, Comedian Danny Kaye was reminded of his Brooklyn childhood. Kaye brightened as he recalled stick ball games in the street, then said, "I could hit for two sewers."

A proud boast. Sewer covers in the middle of New York streets, spaced at regular intervals, serve as home plate and second base in a stick ball game. A two-sewer hit, deep in center field, is an outstanding feat, indeed. A two-sewer man like Kaye is entitled to hold his head high.

STANLEY SAPLIN

New York City

Sirs:

Manhattan's favorite childhood sport may have been stoop ball. But in Brooklyn our favorite game was punch ball, which was like stick ball except that you punched the ball instead of hitting it.

Like Gil Rogin, I was a bad athlete. However, I was always assured of "getting a game," because I was the only one in our group who had the luck to own a football and a basketball.

LARRY GARDIN

Brooklyn

Sirs:

I loved the part about the words you can't spell, "much of our language being oral"—that passage, alone, lifted me about four inches off the sofa. I'll bet you hear about it for a long time to come. I recall "younz" "Are younz goin' to the game?" and others.

I was crazily elated for several hours the other day when I read in TIME or somewhere a statement by some savant that smart kids had all kinds of words they didn't know how to say because they had never heard anyone say them. I worked for Kresge's (five and ten as a stock boy (there's a story) and I dashed up the stairs in my sneakers once and proudly told the manager in his office that I was going to take in-VENT-ory. People were rolling on the floor for several minutes after they learned what I meant to say. Same thing happened with ar-MIS-tice and the Pantom (*i.e.* Phantom).

MICHAEL O'MALLEY

New Haven, Conn.

THE DEFENDERS

Sirs:

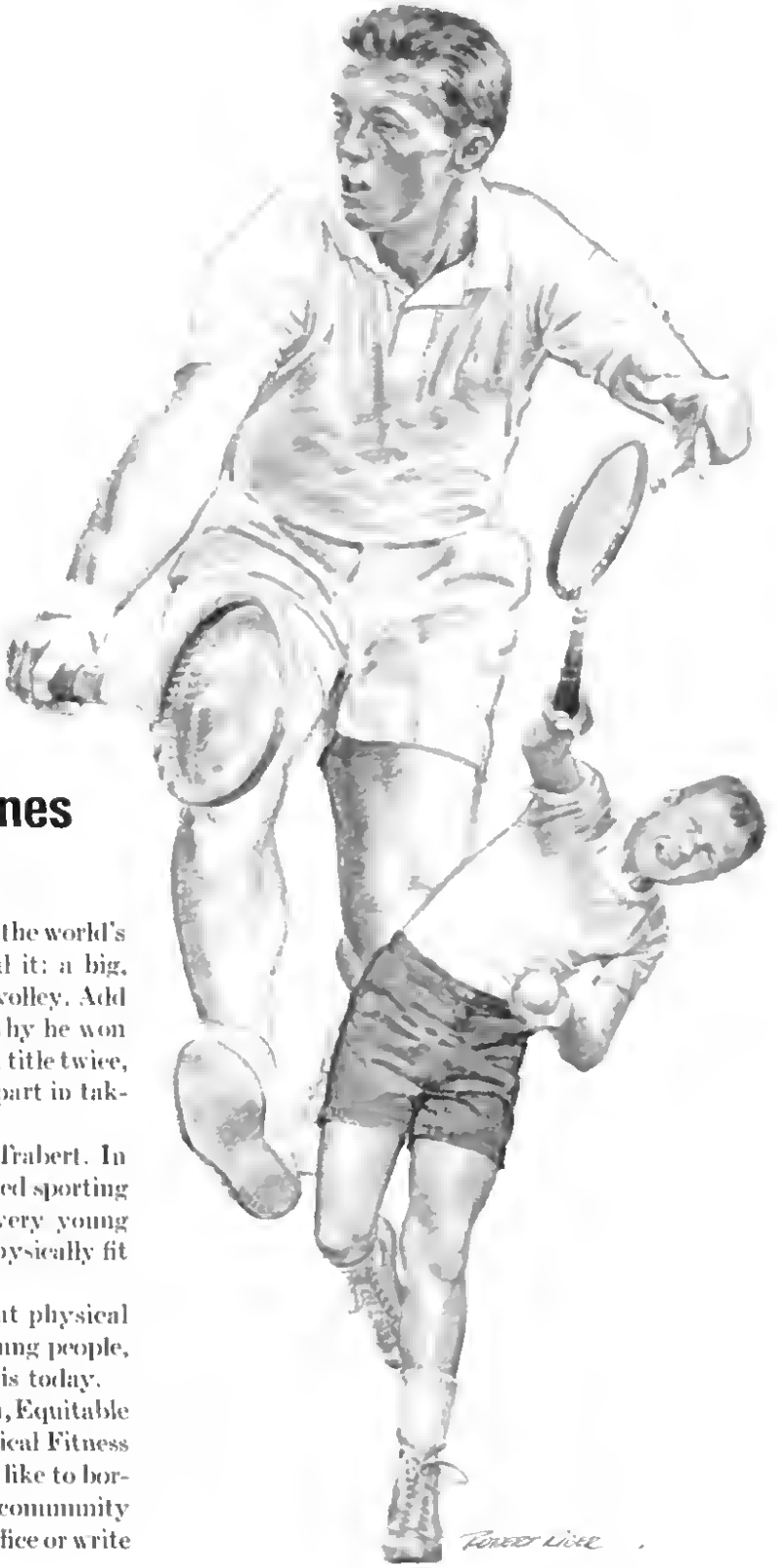
As a high school basketball coach it is very refreshing for me to see credit given to superb, unglamorous defense, such as is played by the Celtics' K. C. Jones (*How K. C. Won an Oscar in the NBA*, April 20). He was certainly a key factor in Boston's conquest of Cincinnati. Yet most people didn't realize this.

If more writers like Frank Deford would put more emphasis on players like K. C. Jones, defense would improve and basketball would be a better game.

THOMAS CHAPPELLE

Lackland AFB, Texas

continued



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Not every youngster can be a Tony Trabert. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Our national leaders have stated that physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, has never been more important than it is today.

To support the national fitness program, Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness —A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.

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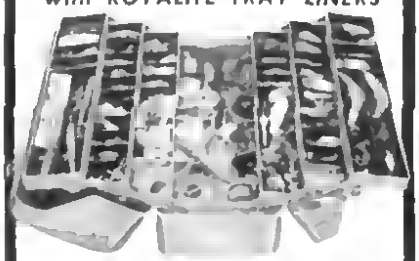
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19TH HOLE

LOPSIDERS

Sirs:

In answer to Ralph Moody of Holman & Moody (*The Little Engine that Could*, April 13) when he said, "If competition gets too lopsided, racing ain't worth a damn," I would consider 11 races won out of the last 12 of 500 miles or more damn lopsided! In all of these races over the past two years I would guess Ford had approximately 50% or better of all entries. Very rarely would Mercury even finish in top positions and Plymouth and Dodge were unheard of for lack of power. Now that Chrysler cars have something to compete with, Ford is really crying.

I always like to cheer for the underdog, so I guess, along with being a Yankee-hater, I'm going to be a Ford-hater.

TAYLOR SCOTT

Casey, Ill.

EYES ACROSS THE TABLE

Sirs:

Continually smoking cigars throughout a bridge match for the purpose of irritating your opponents is *not* "psychological warfare," as Charles Goren seems to imply (*The U.S. Prepares an Assault on Bridge Italian Style*, April 13), it is unsportsmanlike, discourteous and ungentlemanly conduct, particularly at an international event. In addition, it is a violation of the proprieties of duplicate contract bridge. The section of the proprieties dealing with observance of proper etiquette specifically states, "A player should maintain at all times a courteous attitude toward his partner and opponents. He should carefully avoid any remark or action which might cause annoyance or embarrassment to another player or interfere with the enjoyment of the game."

If the players on a team representing the U.S. must stoop to such low tactics, and their captain condone them, in an effort to win an international bridge tournament, there must be something wrong with American bridge that transcends system and technique. It is to be hoped that the American Contract Bridge League will put an immediate halt to such disgraceful behavior.

DOUGLAS B. TAYLOR

Ridgefield, N.J.

Sirs:

Doctors very often use belladonna in the treatment of eyes. The team of bridge experts representing the U.S. throughout the world treat Italy's Gorgio Belladonna with smoke in the eyes. What a sporting twist! If that's the best we can do against the Italians, our team will once again be defeated. After reading this piece by Goren—I'm glad.

SEYMOUR SOLOMON, D.D.S.

Monroe, La.

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A Touch for Teaching Trouting

It is upsetting for a lifelong fly-caster to watch amateurs do it all wrong—but catch the fish anyway

by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

"That feels much better," said the hydraulic engineer's wife as she turned round away from the river, while I gazed approvingly into her purple eyes.

I tightened my clasp ever so slightly on her right hand, which itself grasped the cork grip of my fly rod. This was a new and not unpleasurable experiment —teaching by standing behind her with my right arm encircling.

We made our combined cast for the 78th time.

It had been a long hard day. I suppose I learned to cast a fly when I was about 9, in the wide open spaces of a Scottish loch.

Thirty years later, when I took a small house and 700 yards of strictly dry fly water on the Wiltshire Wylye, friends rallied to my aid. They arrived in carloads, bearing whisky, gin, tonic and other staple foods such as green vegetables to make sure I did not go down with scurvy. Naturally, in return they wanted to catch trout. And so I became a teacher. Not for hire, mind you—only for the fun of it.

I had little idea how to teach, but I picked it up bit by bit, with pupils like the hydraulic engineer's wife. We started in the traditional way, on the lawn with no fly on the cast. I gave a little demonstration, rather a good one I thought. "Slowly back, let the rod do the work, let the line extend almost full behind you, then slowly forward—like that."

Next morning an American couple arrived. The husband sloped away to photograph some thatched houses in the village, and I undertook to teach fly-casting to his wife.

Before long she started casting in earnest, using an immense amount of energy, and I devoted a full 20 minutes to extracting the hook from an intimate

continued

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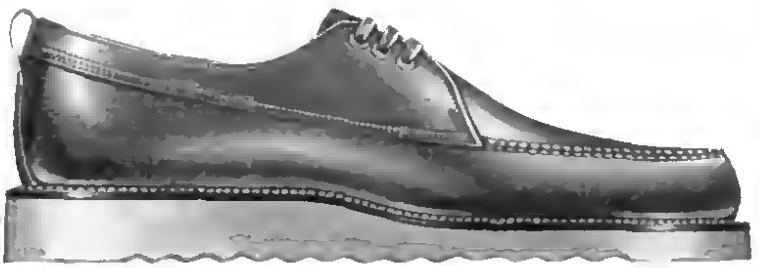
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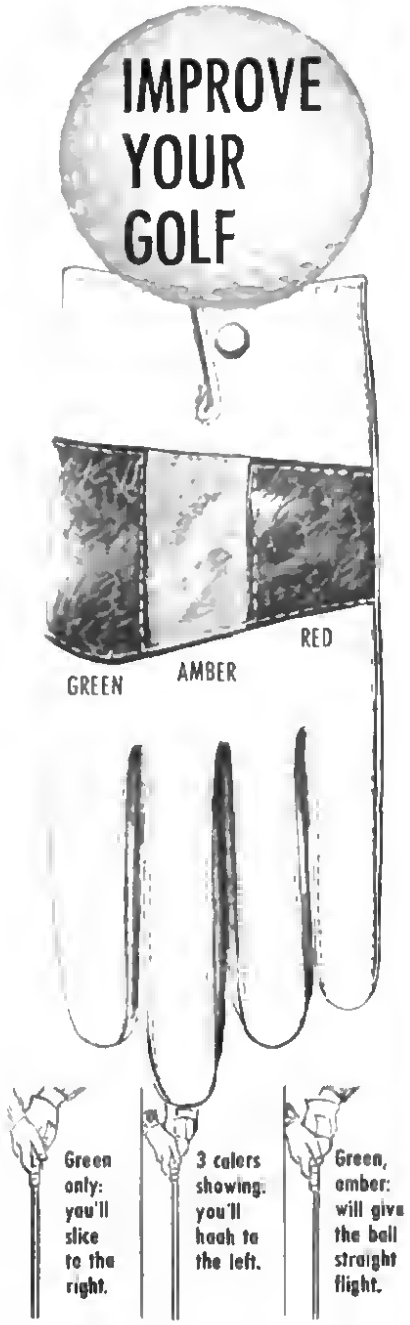
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section of the upper leg of her priceless Abercrombie & Fitch stretch pants.

Shortly afterward various things occurred which finished my stock of Gold-Ribbed Hare's Ears, and we went back to the house so that I could nip into Salisbury for another dozen or so. My other guests, including the American camera buff, were sunning themselves on the terrace.

I handed the rod to the camera-bedecked American. "You have a try."

He could not understand how it could be so difficult. The river was only 12 yards wide.

I led him to the water's edge at the garden and hurried away out of range.

An hour later, on my return from Salisbury, he was still at it and had not moved a yard from where I had left him.

"I think I've got it now," he said, and performed a perfect cast, the fly landing like thistledown 15 yards upstream.

"Well, why don't you try for a fish? There's some better water upstream."

"No, I'm not interested in fish. I just wanted to get this damned casting right. Hey, what does it mean when you get those rings round the hug—fly, I mean? I had a lot of those earlier on."

At cocktails that evening, I realized that the hydraulic engineer's wife was not among us. At 8.30 she drifted casually through the French windows, carrying a fat trout of a pound or more.

"You know, I've discovered something. You've been instructing us all wrong. This casting's easy if you do it down the stream. That way, the current straightens the line out for you. But of course, the fly sinks a bit."

That was the last day. A week later, back at home in Streatley, I found myself talking in the pub to two strangers, a married couple who had just returned from a week's salmon fishing in the west of Ireland. I told them my troubles as an instructor.

"Oh, but it's so easy," said the woman. "An old ghillie in Scotland taught me in no time—no time at all.

"He used to say, 'Noo, imagine that se hae a sticky sweet on the end o' the line, and ye're trying to flick it off afore ye.'"

I rested my elbow on the bar and moved my forearm back and forth a number of times, while the barmaid eyed me strangely.

The ghillie was right. Clearly, there could be no other way. **END**



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